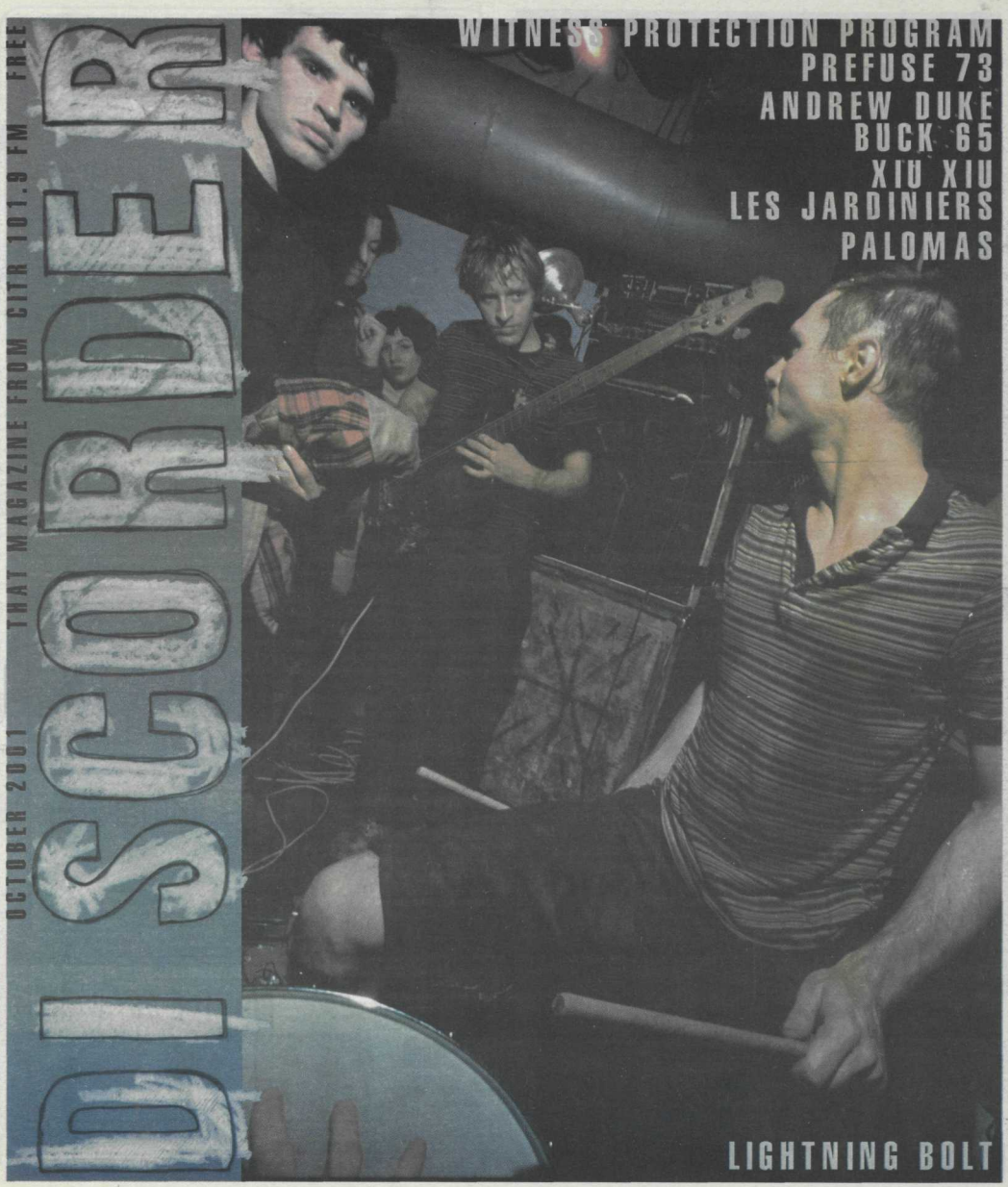
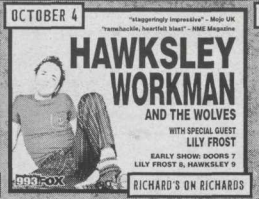
# DISCORDER

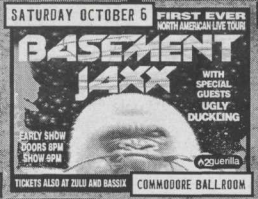
OCTOBER 2001 THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM FREE

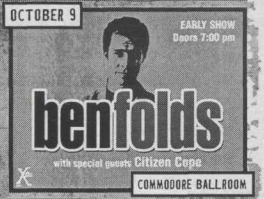


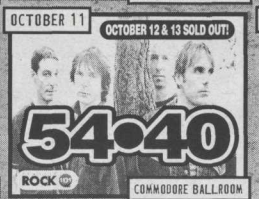
WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM
PREFUSE 73
ANDREW DUKE
BUCK 65
XIU XIU
LES JARDINIERS
PALOMAS

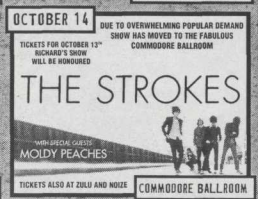
LIGHTNING BOLT

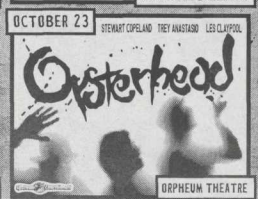


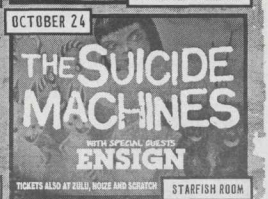



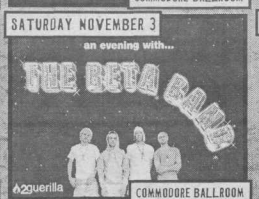



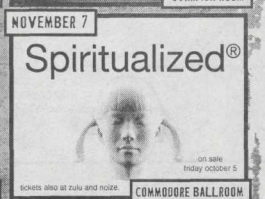


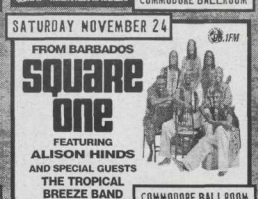











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# DISCORDER

ISSUE 223 • OCTOBER 2001 • THAT POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9FM

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## cover

lightning bolt are the ones playing the instruments. everyone else seems to be an audience member, including the guy staring eerily at the camera. this photo is by jeff winterberg. lori designed it, and damn if she isn't earning that $100 we give her.

first editor-free issue!

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Barbara Andersen
**capitalism editor:**
Steve DiPasquale
**community development editor:**
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From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CITR can be heard at 101.9 fM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CITR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: citrmg@ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at http://www.citr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

**printed in canada**

SONAR
66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

**Events at a glance:**

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3:
**OFFICIAL JA RULE "PAIN IS LOVE" ALBUM RELEASE PARTY**
**HIP HOP FOR HUNGER FOOD BENEFIT @ GRANDE**
Two parties in one night to set off October. $6 all night long, all students free before 11pm

THURSDAY OCTOBER 4:
MUSINCUBATOR presents **LAURA DOYLE**
Showtime: 9pm Doors at 8pm/Tickets $15 ea.
****early show****

FRIDAY OCTOBER 5:
COASTAL JAZZ & BLUES Presents **NILS PETTER MOLVAER** (NORWAY)
Showtime 7:30, doors @ 7pm. Nils Petter's stylish almagamations of jazz, ambient, house, electronic and breakbeat has been acclaimed and reworked by like-minded talents such as Bill Laswell, and Cinematic Orchestra. Tickets at Jazz Hotline, Ticketmaster, Black Swan, and Highlife. $25/$22 Students, Seniors, Jazz Friends
Followed by... **DJ SHORTFUSE @ CROSSFADE** $8 after 10pm

SUNDAY OCTOBER 7:
FLY GIRLS EVENT - **HERSHE BAR** 9PM-2AM

THURSDAY OCTOBER 11:
**RELOAD 01 w/ RAY KEITH** (DREAD, UK)
plus MATTY, J-AUTO & M.C. EFFECT. 9PM/$14 door only

FRIDAY OCTOBER 12:
ILL-A-MENTAL CONCERT SERIES @ CROSSFADE
feat. **THE ARSONISTS (NYC) - ROCK STEADY CREW** early show 10:00 pm $14 door only, $10 with Mix Master Mike or Dilated Peoples ticket stub

THURSDAY OCTOBER 18:
BOOMTOWN & 2GUERILLA Present **DJ ASSAULT** (Detroit)
'Beats so dirty you'll want to take a shower in mouthwash.' Shift Magazine Oct01. Join the king of Ghetto-tech plus Dana D & Kevin Price. 9PM/$10 advance

SATURDAY OCTOBER 20:
SONAR & HOUSE OF VENUS Present **INSIDE**
**w/ Todd Omotani, Dickey Doo plus Clarence in RM2.** Arrive early to avoid line up. Doors 9pm/$10

THURSDAY OCTOBER 25:
NORDIC TRAX & BOOMTOWN Present **HALO VARGA** (Siesta, San Diego)
One half of H-Foundation (with Hipp-E) Halo has laid the groundwork for much of the current wave of dub-influenced house music. Plus Luke McKeehan & Dana D.
9PM/$10 door only

TUESDAY OCTOBER 30:
2GUERILLA Presents **KID LOCO** (Yellow/France)
French downtempo producer of great note makes his Vancouver debut @ Sonar.
Limited tickets $15. 9PM

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 31:
**GRANDE HALLOWEEN!!!**
What are the chances of Halloween falling on Vancouver's longest running and hottest hip hop night? How about once every 6 years. "Brace yourselves it will be the craziest Halloween ever." - Gman 2001 DJs GMAN, Wax, and Flipout. Giveaways and over $1,000 in cash and prizes for the best costume by Etnies, Dub, Freshjive. Costumes are not mandatory but… 9PM/$10 with costume, $15 without (so try to dress up)

**coming soon...JAFFA, MR. SCRUFF, COLD STEEL TOUR and more**

MONDAY - **LUSH** - SEXY HOUSE
WEDNESDAY - **GRANDE** - R&B, REGGAE, HIPHOP
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SATURDAY - **inside** - FROM HOUSE OF VENUS

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# 7 inch

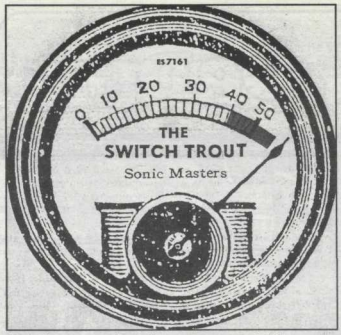
bryce dunn

As a favour to our dear departed Julie, columnist of past, I will begin a new saga of 7" sit 'n' spin with a leftover from her bag of tricks: a double wax effort of bands paying homage to TV starlet Patty Duke. Why someone would obsess over this is a little over my head, so dingbats like me have the accompanying zine to school me on her supposed "Dukeness," and bands like **The Chubbies**, **Gore Gore Girls**, and **Slumber Party** to serenade me with Patty-penned tributes, the aforementioned Slumber Party ("One Kiss Away") winning top prize for their Casio-beat pop and sleepy vocals. This is apparently the second volume of the Patty platter, so if you're interested, contact: Top Quality Rock And Roll, PO Box 1110, Southgate, MI 48195 USA.

That being said, first outta the gates are, **The Stupor Stars**, with a three song punkity racket reminiscent of some dearly loved (at least in my heart anyway) bands of yore like **The Motards** or the **Cryin' Out Louds**. Simple but fun songs about how to get revenge ("Poison Arrows"), piss people off ("Don't Fight Us"), and chase girls ("Hey Maita")—not necessarily in that order. (Pelado Records, 521 West Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627 USA)

**The Down-n-Outs** know the repercussions of the above order, especially when girls piss them off: they get revenge by writing two songs of snot-nosed garage-punk no-fi goodness ("Wreck My World" b/w "Don't Ask Me Why"). Only for those who are stereophonically challenged, and who enjoy drums that masquerade as garbage cans. (Hipsville Records, 2020 S Lowell Blvd., Denver, CO 80219 USA)

Sympathy For The Record Industry (www.sympathyrecords.com), as their slogan states, understands the importance of both kinds of music: rock *and* roll. **The Von Bondies** from Detroit support the former, while Montreal's **Del-Gators** exemplify the latter. The Von Bondies continue the tradition of Motor City rock history with a fuzzed-out, amped-up raver ("It Came From Japan") on side A, while the flip gives us a neo-rockabilly number called "Red Head Devil." Both tracks from the sextet from Canaduh roll like a doughnut and get the hips a-swingin' with swampy R&B swagger on "Mudpit," and a cover of **Larry Williams**' "Lousiana Hannah."




Our friends from just south of the border (Estrus Records, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227 USA), deliver two fine specimens of 45 rpm ruckus with a four song offering from the home of good cheese and bad beer, Milwaukee, WI, and **The Mistreaters**. Probably written after ingesting copious amounts of both, The Mistreaters get their rocks off with primed sonic blasts of strangled guitar revelry and a ballad even ("One More Time"). They'll think twice before ever doing that again. The other slab comes from across the pond and in the guise of three sonic masters known as **The Switch Trout** from Yokaichi, Japan. Instrumentals are their weapons of choice and they arm themselves well on the song "Sonic Masters," which is almost like three different songs in one, and the false stop-start shakefest of "Machismo." I've been a fan of these cats since their debut back in '99, and they just keep getting better. Recorded in some kinda alternate static universe, the tracks just pulsate with a warm energy that is a change from the more reverb-drenched treble-tweaked bands of the instro genre. Sonic masters, indeed.

Since it looks like I'll be taking over 7" duty here, I'd like to take this opportunity to encourage participation from you, the reader of this fine rag, and toss some suggestions for a ratings-type system my way—for example, equating records to flavours of salsa: mild, medium, hot, extra hot, etc. You guys are smart, you figure it out. Ta very much. •

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# fucking bullshit

by christa m.

Record fairs are for nerds. Record nerds don't take showers and never cut their hair. They have a distinct odor. Their fingertips are permanently gray from dusty crates and record sleeves. Fake record nerds shave their faces or legs, paint their nails, and put on their best outfits to go to the fair. Record nerds are always looking down. The phonies are always looking around.

I saw four copies of *Exile on Main Street*, a couple *Let it Bes* (which made me want to eat cake, but no time, no time for that), zero copies of *Sticky Fingers*, 23 Kiss LPs, 4000 Hank Williams records, one *White Light /White Heat*, one, no make that two Swans records (should've bought the gatefold one—gotta act fast, but too late), one Virgin Prunes record (the hazy blue one), a $50 DOA single (can't say which one it was because who the fuck cares 50 bucks worth of caring), a $45 Sarah MacLachlan record, (the first one, OBVIOUSLY the best one), no Bonus Boys singles, two copies of that Stooges record, too many Iggy Pop solo albums, one Joy Division record (the Peel Sessions), a lot of *Blonde on Blondes* (so I finally got one, which attracted many toothless hippies when I walked down the street), the yellow Cramps album, one *White Album* (skipped all the Beatles sections, thank Christ, that one was in the wrong place), the CS Angels' *Land* (sorry, the Canadian edition), three copies of the first New York Dolls LP (one was $78.95, I don't know what the fuck), one *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* record (that's two records, three kisses), one third of the first Mekons album (no cover, no record, one sleeve), the original *Atomizer, Bruiseology* (ugh), *Cover* (eh), *Darklands* (almost bought it again, just for the hell of it), zero copies of (I can't fucking believe it) *Dark Side of the Moon* (my head's probably just blocked it out by now), less *Rumours* than you'd think, one Mountain LP, a few copies of *The Clash* (all different colours), one Bobby Orr record (tempted, really tempted), not a single Walkabouts record, Robert Fripp all over the place, beautiful women (courtesy of Roxy Music), one *Blasting Concept* comp, *Rank* and *Louder than Bombs* and *Meat is Murder* (Morrissey costs too much), more than one *My Aim is True* (already got three of those for some fucking reason), barely any of Boston or Chicago, not enough REO Speedwagon (kidding, kidding), one Patrik Fitzgerald album, the first one, sealed (that's a lie), *Headache*, including the red single (that too), two copies of *Lies*, the worst Pere Ubu record, the best Crazy Horse record, *The Spotlight Kid*, and the other record I bought. I can't remember what else. •

**RECORD NERDS DON'T TAKE SHOWERS**

# panarticon

tobias v

*"…if Israel and Islam furthered the Holy War, they would be making the jump from political war. They can accept complete release because they are religious. They're religious in a triumphalist way: they use the fact that they don't believe in death, the fact of their awareness of the non-ending of life, to go beyond politics… we must not only forbid Holy Wars—wars of complete release—we must also refute justness, the justice of war…Today, the Holy War is on the horizon of our history."* — Paul Virilio, *Pure War* (1983)

**WAR ?**

"Complete release": the joyous after-death-drive embraces the utter destruction of all things. Close to 20 years ago, Virilio predicted what is now happening. But what is happening? Virilio's second warning that we must also forbid the just war, the retaliatory strike, must be remembered. For the just war—the War that the US is about to open, a Pandora's box of anthrax and nuclear winters—is Holy War. The Holy War claims ultimate birthright through its transcendental justification from the godhead; the Just War places a God-led "democracy" at the same helm, for who can forget Dubya's "[crusade] through the valley of the shadow of death"? Just War is Holy and Holy War is Just. Politics must be saved, thinking must happen, xenophobia and state fascism must be curbed, fanatical religion and the fanatical State checked immediately: Holy War and its equal simulacra, Just War, must be ground to a halt . As long as there is one there will be the other, and both bring about the same horrific result.

**CNN LOOPS DESTRUCTION**

CNN loops the WTC plane crash over and over: "I woke up this morning thinking that I might not want to listen to repetitive music ever again—the endless looping of images yesterday was enough for me for quite some time." The grid between digital music, media, politics and terrorism intersects in one blinding moment, and for a split second, the fabric of (re)presentation opens: the strategies of the media, the trance-state the looping images induce, and then the digital medium of repetitive music and disseminated state information merge to form the aesthetic (re)presentation of destruction, disaster, and terror, an all-encompassing rhetorical megamotif, destined with one goal in mind: to sell something, fear, anger, hatred, the sponsor and the government. Buy an American flag: "The House of Representatives passed a resolution Thursday, calling on all Americans to fly the national flag." Do you see what I'm seeing? "Operation Infinite Justice" was changed because they could not sell it to the Muslims.

**WAR IS ART: STOCKHAUSEN**

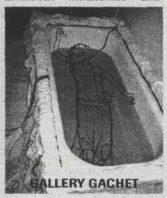
Karlheinz Stockhausen, experimental electronic music composer, absolutely misquoted about the attacks, from Hamburg to the *Vancouver Sun*. Stockhausen was speaking of his leitmotif Lucifer as it manifested, as an allegory, in NYC. Some trashy, nihilist (in the worst sense of the word) journalist from Bild took the opportunity to take the comments out of their context. For the record: "For a musician it seems like rehearsing 10 years for one concert and then killing oneself and 5000 people. The whole planning looked like the greatest piece of art of LUCIFER." http://www.stockhausen.org/reply_to_bild.html

**THE GATHERING: MUSICAL RESISTANCE**

On August 26th, electronic culture and DJs gathered at the VAG to protest the continued destruction of the Elaho. The event, titled "The Gathering" and organized by James of Soldiers of the Underground, was also a great chance to play some beats in public, featuring Primordial Nature among others (whom I tagged with, much to the appreciation of some discerning technoheads), and display some public art, such as Mediacore's Merlyn, who set up his televisual extravaganza on the steps. Today, however, attention should be turned to the Middle East: check www.tao.ca for the latest anti-war developments.

**SWARM: ARTIST RUN CHAOS**

The second annual Swarm drew massive crowds to the 17(!) galleries showcasing their work. I didn't make it out to everything, and missed Jake Hill's *Dishonest Wood* exhibit at the Dynamo, which by all accounts was a highlight. But from what I saw, I was impressed, including Robert Kozinuk's complex projected visuals, *Diffraction*, at Access; the fish mystery at Moonbase by Dean Stanton (who did it, anyway?), which reminded me of work by Winnipeg's Royal Art Lodge; the ghostly demarcations of faces, figures and shadows drawn directly onto the walls of Artspeak, by Elizabeth MacKenzie and




Geanne Randolph, which definitely had elements of Jasper Johns; the radical and disturbing feminist work of Irene Loughlin and Laura Babak at Gallery Gachet, which featured a remake of a barn (hay, fence and all) with a black and white video of horses (I kept thinking of claustrophobia, of being penned in, of the memory of escape, and then the bound woman in the tub, outlined in red, as a "cure" for "hysteria"); Jessica Eaton's incredible photo "girl at bar with broken heart and glealivet," with The Sugar Refinery's Steven making a cameo, at The Crying Room (which also featured work by Janet Penner, Ali Lohan among others, and Amos H. on the decks); contemporary minimalism at Gallery 83, with high prices and high expectations from Ron Danneasen and Heather Lane; and ironic and entertaining political interventionist art (mattresses!), in protest to Toronto's megacity, captured on film by Kika Thorne at the Helen Pitt. There was much, much more and I am missing many, many excellent artists. Many of the exhibitions are still on, and I highly encourage YOU to get out and see them before they are gone. Support Vancouver!

**THINK**

"We are not hated because we practice democracy, value freedom, or uphold human rights. We are hated because our government denies these things to people in Third World countries whose resources are coveted by our multinational corporations. That hatred we have sown has come back to haunt us in the form of terrorism and in the future, nuclear terrorism." — Robert Bowman, who flew 101 combat missions in Vietnam. He is presently [1998] bishop of the United Catholic Church in Melbourne Beach, FL.

Until peace! •

# vancouver special

janis mckenzie

**VANCOUVER'S SHAME**
***Harvest of Shame***
**(Independent)**

The mysterious beings who make up **Vancouver's Shame** write songs about things no one else would think of. Not many other bands proudly recite the names of the burbs where they *don't* live (starting with Surrey), or have a song whose only lyrics are, "We fucked and we fiddled and we fiddled and we fucked," or, for that matter, an icky little ballad titled "Puke Song." The percussion sometimes seems to be provided by kitchen utensils; the vocals occasionally appear to be the sound of a gruff next-door neighbour as recorded through the apartment wall. But the lo-fi-ness is carefully calculated. The opening track is built on an audio loop of a crowing rooster and slick studio trickery sneaks into some of the others as well. There's some really inventive (or at least interesting) songwriting and production in places: echoes of the **Pixies** are smushed in with slide guitar on "Voodoo Dog;" sawed-on violin sounds that are almost **Laurie Anderson**-meets-industrial drive the repeating rhythmic pattern of "Meatbag;" the instrumental "Fleabite" just might feature a mandolin; and "Biggest Ass" combines march-like drumming with trippy/eerie little noises. The overall effect is a weird combination of sophomoric (hell, maybe freshman) humour, faux-incompetent musicianship, clever recording techniques and even a speck of political commentary. Play this loud and your roommate is guaranteed to come running in to ask you what the fuck you're doing. I get the feeling that this is exactly what Vancouver's Shame has in mind.

(no contact info)

**HOT HOT HEAT**
***Scenes One Through Thirteen***
**(Ohev)**

Look at the cover photo and you might expect to hear tame sounds from what appears to be four sweet teenaged boys. Drop the CD into your machine and you'll hear something entirely different from this Victoria band: overdriven, loud, late-era punk crossed with '70s prog rock, flavoured with new wave, jazz fusion, funk, and more. **Hot Hot Heat** isn't the first band to play prog-punk, but their use of shamelessly new wave keyboard parts helps to separate them from the pack. So does their vocalist, who sings with a frantic larynx-snapping intensity that makes you wonder if he could possibly survive until the next song. The lyrics are scary and twisted in a **No Means No** kind of way, the drums rock really hard, the guitars are crunchy, and then there's that keyboard. Sometimes it lends a **King Crimson** kind of feel, sometimes it's more like that fake Japanese new wave sound that was big in the early '80s, sometimes it's more like a cheesy merry-go-round. But there's one thing you can be sure of: every track will rock hard and be loaded with over-the-top youthful angst. Whoa!
www.hothotheat.com

**RED RAKU**
***Roda Leisis May***
**(Watershed)**

This CD comes from Victoria, *Australia*, sent to us from one of our writers, and it is about as different from the previous recording as you can get. In these songs, people "lay with" each other, get their hearts broken, and carve their names into trees "no dog could piss… away," all to the accompaniment of violas, pianos, acoustic guitars and other pretty-sounding instruments that play complex, almost anti-tuneful little melodies. Singer/songwriter Clare Bowditch sings very prettily, but don't expect to hear a hook anywhere, let alone a chorus to sing along to in this tangle of pointy-edged poems set to post-folk arrangements.
<clarebow@email.com> •

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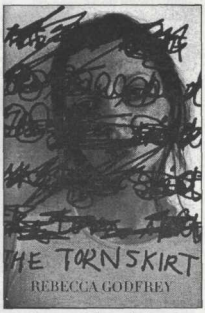
# over my shoulder

book reviews by doretta lau

It's finally happened: Haruki Murakami appears in Lemony Snicket's *A Series of Unfortunate Events*. Well, his name appears on page 147 of book number eight, *The Hostile Hospital*. This trivial bit of information excited me as much as the trailers for the Harry Potter movie, which I saw at the theatre, not on television. I don't have a TV, which is why I've been doing a lot of reading at a time when everyone else is watching CNN. Novelist Nicholson Baker is my newest obsession. I've been getting lost in his footnotes, trying to block out the fact that in a few weeks time, the world will likely be at war because George W Bush is insisting that those not in support of the US are against the US. I'm trying not to be upset that the most incompetent person to ever have been elected president of the United States has just received the highest approval rating ever because he elected to go to war. I'm sad because North Americans are attacking people of colour, people who have lived in Canada or the US all their lives or who escaped their home country because they were experiencing persecution greater than any middle-class racist loser has ever faced. I'm angry because everyone keeps justifying the aggressive behaviour of the United States by calling it the protection of democracy. I am not anti-American. I am anti-war, and I did not cast my vote for violence.

Okay, I'm off my soapbox now. This month, though I promised poetry chapbooks and though I considered doing this column on little girls' spell books (there are a number on the market at the moment and several publishers have girl-witch fiction series in the works), I decided to go with a novel and a collection of essays about addiction. I had trouble focusing on poetry and I didn't think that the spell books were appropriate at this time.




**REBECCA GODFREY**
***The Torn Skirt***
**(Harper *Flamingo* Canada)**

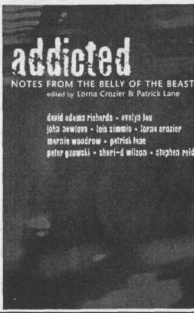
This is a very good first novel by Toronto-born, Victoria-raised writer Rebecca Godfrey, who is now a New York girl. She completed her MFA at Sarah Lawrence. The marketing campaign for her book is a little cheesy (the ads proclaim her and Kelli Deeth as "Literary It Girls"), but I can understand why her people are resorting to such banal terminology: the book is very fresh (even fresh sounds banal, but all words to describe a good first novel seem to be played out) and the only way for the general public to accept something new is to put a familiar spin on the work. But Godfrey's prose is far from the familiar and the tired. She gives her 16-year-old protagonist Sara a believable voice and paints a pictures of Victoria that not many of us have witnessed. The Victoria of *The Torn Skirt* is child prostitutes and desperation, not government officials and complacency. Better yet, there is nothing cliché about this book, though it explores the dangerous territory of burnout boyfriends, pot smoking fathers, a childhood spent in a cult commune, and run-ins with the penal system. The book balances naiveté with a world-weary wisdom. I'm looking forward to more work from Godfrey.

**Edited by LORNIA CROZIER & PATRICK LANE**
***Addicted: Notes From the Belly of the Beast***
**(Greystone)**

We live in a culture that likes to be in control and pretends to love moderation but is really enamoured with excess, which is why I think we can't get enough of stories about addiction. At the moment I'm drinking Diet Coke, thinking of having a cigarette or a Tynenol or both, and hoping to meet the deadline while reaching for some chapstick. I'm a product of my society.

*Addicted* is a collection of essays about various addictions and the people these addictions affect: Peter Gzowski writes about kicking the cigarette habit; David Adam Richards, John Newlove, Lois Simmie, Lorna Crozier, Marnie Woodrow, Patrick Lane, and Sherri-D Wilson write about alcoholism (the number of writers who are alcoholics or grew up with alcoholics is indicative of our society's resistance to see alcohol as a drug—recall Michael Douglas' role as the borderline alcoholic anti-drug tzar in Steven Soderbergh's *Traffic*—while damning marijuana. There isn't a single essay about being a "pot addict" in the book); Evelyn Lau chronicles a near-lifetime of bulimia; and Stephen Reid, one of Canada's most infamous bank robbers, tells a heartbreaking story about his heroin addiction in one of the most powerful essays in the book.

**At the moment I'm drinking a Diet Coke, thinking of having a cigarette or a Tylenol or both, and hoping to meet the deadline while reaching for some chapstick. I'm a product of my society.**




More than anything else, the collection of essays is about survival and the writers themselves are survivors. There is no glamour here, only stories about the mornings after, the weeks after, the years after, and for the very lucky (or unlucky, depending on how you look at it, but I see the ability to stay alive and fight the addiction as an amazing thing), the decades after.

Yes, this is a worthy collection, so I will make this bold statement (because I am addicted to sucky shows such as *Survivor*): forget "Reality TV". Non fiction writing is the way to go for all the voyeurs out there, myself included. •

# culture shock

anthony monday

**RHETORIC FOR THE RECTUM OR WHY I GAVE UP GAY.**

When I returned from Kuwait I dove into everything I had been deprived of for a year. It was a Caligulan orgy of western culture. I partook in everything I could—the booze, the drugs, the TV, the sex-infused daily life. I reached for anything that would fill me, and I poured into my dusty body everything it craved. I laid back and let my belly grow fat. There was me: feeding off the cum-stained fingers of capitalism, and growing ugly with the juices of want. Yes, I let my hands wander to the thighs of a man. Yes, I liked the way his tongue moved in my mouth. Yes, I found his nipples in the coarseness of his chest-hair, and yes, I sucked them. And dammit, it was good. I say this not with self-righteousness but with pride and with a reverence for those feelings. Well, maybe a little bit of self-righteousness.

But soon, the inevitable happened, and after my sorry ass was dumped because my pathetic heart couldn't separate sex from "feelings" and I got too "attached," and was crowding his "independence" I dragged myself back into the hole of deprivation and solitude. I poured myself into work and school, visited only friends and stayed away from men and their places of whoring. I never liked gay people anyway, so this seemed a good excuse to avoid them.

Now don't get me wrong. Before someone stands up and shrieks loudly into the microphone in a camp and nelly voice, calling me a "homophobe"—or worse: an "internalized homophobe"—know that I have no homophobia, internalized or otherwise, to those who feel the need to define themselves as homosexual. I mean, sure, fine, go ahead and call yourself a name, fine by my less-than-perky ass. I have no problem with "homosexuals" per se. What I do have a problem with are those stupid "gay" people.

Let me illustrate a point: Imagine, if you will, dear readers that you are a young urban fag. It is Saturday night. And you want sex. What to do? What to do? Or, more importantly, who to do? Who to do?

The choices are plentiful. You have your pickings of Ravers, Leathers, Bears, Muscles, Pretty Boys, Drag Queens, Political-types, Bi-sexuals, Butches. Then there are the Accountants, the Druggies, the Skaters, the Chicken-hawks, the Sugar-daddies, the Young, the Old, the Perverts, the Delusioned, the Jaded—the list goes on and on and on and on until you're practically rolling around with the scat crowd.

**homosexual** *n* one who is inclined to or practices homosexuality <a bar frequented by *homosexuals*> *syn* fag, faggot, ‖fruit, homo, invert, queer, urnian, uranist *rel* transvestite; fairy, nance, nancy, pansy, queen, ‖swish; dike, lesbian, sapphist; pederast, sodomite

So you chose your type and establish a presence. You're going to have to choose a bar, a local haunt—the place where for the first few times you go, you'll be fresh meat, then you'll become one of "the boys," knowing everything and anything about everyone and their boyfriend—regardless of whether it's true or not. A place where everybody already knows absolutely everything about you, especially the things you yourself didn't know—like what STD you've recently acquired, who gave it to you, and how you rid yourself of it. A comfortable and friendly place to be where everyone knows your name and cock size.

The most prominent "gay" type these days seems to be of the genus "Muscles." So obsessed with their body, these men (months of anthropometric study have discovered) generally shave everything (everything, yes, even there) to accentuate the body. They spend hours a day pumping up, shaving down and smoothing out just for your unnatural pleasure. They are easy to find. Just follow the herd of thick-necked, white t-shirted, tight jeaned studs down to their bar of choice. The only problem with them is they do have a tendency to look at themselves in the mirror a little too often, spend too long in the shower worshipping their own bodies rather than yours. Muscles usually only go for Muscles. If you're not pumped, don't try pumping them—unless you're a Pretty Boy.

If you do have the pre-requisite good looks, you can have anyone you like. The Pretty Boys are that weird hybrid of guys who can be in any category—a brightly-dressed Raver or a shaggy-haired Skater—but still manage to cross the unspoken boundaries of type and go home with anyone they want. Baby, if you've got the looks, you're set in gay culture. Stop reading this and go and get some action.

The problem with Pretty Boys, though, is they tend to be so concerned with maintaining their young, Pretty Boy looks, they spend the evening not moving in case their perfectly coifed hair should fall out of place. They tend to be quite reserved and uptight.

The older fags, however, are a little more daring and relaxed. With age comes fearlessness. And if you like the sight of fearless old Leather Daddies in their '60s, with handle-bar moustaches, leaping around (half naked, half wrapped in dead cow skins), I'm sure you can find the right darkened room for your evening's pleasure. Once there, you'll probably find men of all shapes and sizes waltzing around in bottomless chaps.

Beware of drag queens. Men in dresses are never to be trusted. I don't care how many times they can recite Bette Midler lines in one night, I don't want you going near anyone who tapes his privates to his ass just so he looks more like a girl. My logic is if you want to sleep with a man, sleep with a MAN—a hunk-a-hunk of burning love that would rather talk about sports than anything political and/or remotely resembling social commentary.

And if you *are* looking to discuss politics—looking to be "queer" or "pro-active" rather than "gay"—you won't find a nightclub for your type. Instead, you'll meet in coffee-houses for your once a week meeting. But don't worry, even Political Types "get it on" as much as the Pretty Boys. You'll go to the café, order a non-fat decaf latté with cinnamon and then discuss post-structuralism and identity politics. You, too, can revel in the irony of being part of a sub-culture that stands up and asks to be admitted into mainstream culture, regardless of their sexual orientation, and yet still defines their entire personality in terms of who they sleep with, how they sleep with them, and in which social category they found him.

And after that rousing debate, eyelashes will bat, and home you'll head to have non-procreative sex.

See? Everyone goes home happy. Isn't it giddy to be gay? You began your night alone, and now look at the directions it could take. No matter what type of category you want to slip yourself into, you can find hundreds of other men willing to put themselves into a box. You, too, can be a gay man that identifies himself through who he sleeps with, rather than identifying as a human, who co-incidentally sleeps with men.

Welcome. This is my world. And you wonder why I am still single. •

# strut, fret, and flicker

penelope mulligan

## THE TAMING OF THE FRINGE

The 17th edition of the Vancouver Fringe Festival wrapped last month, and I'm wondering who else noticed how different it feels now. For me, it started with a read-through of the programme guide. For the first time, not one show hit me as a must-see. In the end, I only saw six, and as it happens, they were all good in some way (a few were very good) but with one exception, it never felt like I was at the *Fringe*. Would it have been different if I'd seen them at Heritage Hall or the Cavern? Don't know. It's difficult to skewer exactly what it was about the productions, but let's crack open the subject of location.

Vancouver's Fringe began on Main Street in and around Mount Pleasant. The inner city neighbourhood was low-key in the extreme but had it's own character for sure—an apt little refuge for a non-mainstream theatre festival. Around 1997, it moved to Commercial Drive—a shift which seemed more calculated to cash in on the Drive's acclaimed hipness than to secure more and better venues, though it must be said that the Fringe spirit did feel alive and well there.

Apparently, the paucity of theatre spaces on the Drive itself led organizers to look for yet another locale. Enter Karen Planden. Taking over from founding Artistic Director Joanna Maratta in 1998, she brought a vision of a bigger, better festival—one which would attract a new kind of audience who undoubtedly went to the theatre but had probably never felt inclined to check out the Fringe. Oh, and let's not forget—one which would attract bigger guns in the corporate sponsorship department. I believe it was here that the rot set in. There's nothing wrong with wanting to be bigger or more financially successful, but it has to be acknowledged that sooner or later, the nature of something is changed. I know that Planden entertained the idea of a juried festival, with the possible concession of a little side bar where some "edgier" unjuried stuff could lurk. Her rationale was that some patrons found the wilder work off-putting. The main hurdle here though, was that the Canadian Association of Fringe Festivals has a constitution whose main tenet is that any fest bearing the Fringe TM be unjuried. The alarming alternative—breaking away from CAFF and giving the fest another name—was obviously not embraced, as Vancouver's Fringe still accepts productions on a first come basis.

**Not that I've anything against alcohol-induced merriment. I just marvel at how generous the corporate players become when an event is located in an area where its patrons are likely to be spending more money.**

In any case a significant change was made during Planden's tenure. In 2000, the Fringe administration, box office and five venues moved to that rather affluent piece of rustico-urban real estate known as Granville Island. It seemed the nest was being feathered for a new kind of attendee. But that year also saw the biggest venue sprawl ever. Although Granville Island was now being touted as the new Fringe Central, there was also activity at the Roundhouse, the Culch, the Havana and two theatres off South Granville (the "annex" venues in the Downtown Eastside having been dropped).

Maybe it was the thought of the new target audience having to walk a lot, take the bus or, heaven forbid, make its way down to Cordova Street, but by 2001, the desired change was complete. With the exception of the two nearby South Granville venues, the festival was now corralled on the Island. Neater, tidier and complete with an Absolut Vodka Green Room and a Fringe Club located in the Granville Island Brewing Company. Not that I've anything against alcohol-induced merriment. I just marvel at how generous the corporate players become when an event is located in an area where its patrons are likely to be spending more money.

Is this what's meant by "Theatre for Everyone"? Changing a festival to appeal to those who in truth, don't particularly crank on the authentically fringey? In his programme message, current Executive Artistic Director Michael McLaughlin sees the move as a celebration of "our migration to the performing arts hub of Vancouver and our goal of making art, which is often seen as a fringe activity, central to the life of our community." Whoa, Michael. That's some cute word play, I never realized that the "fringe" in fringe theatre meant peripheral to our *lives*. Perhaps it's time to get rid of that pesky F-word altogether. Go on. You know you want to.

Meanwhile, the long stretch of Main Street from around 5th to clear past 30th is thriving in a way that still feels good. But quelle horreur—people are beginning to notice and somewhere on the horizon, gentrification is probably licking its chops. Maybe one day the "Fringe" will even move back in. •

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# radio free press

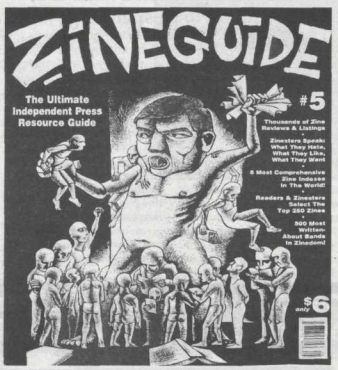
zines : bleek

Trying to focus on writing two days after terrorist attacks is particularly difficult and if it's so late that it doesn't make it to print this month I hope you'll understand.

Fortunately or unfortunately enough, there is plenty to write about. On the radio program I have been playing many of the interviews acquired from the Comix and Stories event held at the Heritage Hall in August. In last month's column I asked, in advance, for some input from participants on how they think it went. Good thing I wasn't holding my breath! Thanks for nothing. A myriad of comics and zines were gathered there, but I'll leave the comics to *Kill Your Boyfriend* and try to get to some of the zines as well as the things that have come to the REP mailbox this month.

All the way from Fredericton, NB came *MAGGOT ZINE* #1, looking fairly standard and kinda naïve, like so many zines that need to flex some punk muscle for posterity and cred. I have to admit that I was drawn in by the many impressively gathered opinions from lots and lots of punks or indie types. Hardly one answer resembled another, which is refreshing. Bands like Bad Luck #13, 46 Short and Turbo Acs are featured, as well as show, zine and album reviews. Send $2 for this 54 pager if you're interested. (23 Veteran's Drive, Fredericton, NB E3A 4C4)

Bonnie Day Press is running a well-oiled machine, facilitating this fascinating chapbook of "new writing on Canada's lateral divide"—




*TURF MAGAZINE: 45 DEGREES OF SEPARATION*. Within these 60 generous pages you'll find the wonderfully creative talents of some of the area's most gifted young writers (plus one who moved away). So with the talents of Kris Rothstein, Randal Mindell, Bruce Arthur, Carolyn Gleeson, Doretta Lau, and Nicholas Bradley, *45 Degrees* comes highly recommended. Trouble is I don't know the price and stuff. I suggest you look in an independent book or magazine shop or write <bonniedaypress@hotmail.com>.

Lapsed zinester and Jumpstart band member Rory Mclure has finally seen the light and has spewn forth *JUST ANOTHER NOBODY*. Straying from his earlier attempts at music journalism a bit, Rory still writes about his personal take on what indie-rock and punk was or is and how he defines individuality through un-popular music. What hits hardest, though, are the scathing and vicious commentaries on the Merritt, BC scene. Having lived there for five years, I know this opinion is shared by many of the town's youth. Just out of high school, Rory's salvation is just within reach. Hope he moves here. (1810 Armstrong Street, Merritt, BC V1K 1E7)

Randy Gutley's follow-up to last year's *Spectre* is the painstakingly researched second edition, designed like a classic pulp advertisement, named *BLACK SPECTRE MOAN NO. 2*. Randy's fascinations are intriguing to say the least, and he takes the time to track down the source material and write it out in a thoroughly concise style. There's plenty to learn about early Hollywood director Erich Von Strohein and his work on the maliciously edited film *Greed*. Somehow this segues into the history of the Paramount record label. Somehow it works just fine. The article "Celestial Monochord" explores Harry Smith's

*Anthology of American Folk Music*, its pioneers and unearthed rarities, etc. Closing everything is the channeled spirit of Lester Bangs and his windy reviews. ($2 or trades from PO Box 21525, 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC V5N 4A5) <handfuls@easyliving.com>

*THE MORNING POST* #3 is an intimate, diary-like zine in the same vein as *Cometbus* but more of a day-by-day account. This is like reading a month and a half of someone's personal journal and often gives one a shameful feeling of eavesdropping. It's amazing how similar our collective human experiences are. I could identify with many of the situations and emotions through waking, loving, and working with all life's peaks and valleys. The layout is so lackluster and sparse that, unfortunately, it gives off dull vibes. Some creativity is what I suggest, but what do I know? <themorningpost@hotmail.com>

One more item about zine crap: *ZINE GUIDE* #5 is available now and as a resource it is incomparable. I shit you not, you freak: 156 packed pages of this magazine-sized independent press guide. ZG takes no critical position on the thousands of zines compiled inside it, but it does offer quotes from readers about their thoughts on their favourite and least favourite zines. My zine finally made the "Favourites" list and is 25th in the "25 Least Favourite" list! I'm in good company though. How do you stack up? I think people would be fascinated with this thing even if they'd never seen a zine before. ($6 from PO 5467 Evanston, IL 60204 USA)

There are other zines to talk about, but I have to stop it here and try to get to the others next month. Keep up the good work, friends. Peace! •

# kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

Although it happened a month ago, the Comics & Stories 2001 Convention is definitely worth mentioning. This year the attendance was up on both the fan and the creator side. There was also the first ever Comics & Stories 2001 performance art presentation which was a surprise success. Almost all of Vancouver's local darlings were there, but I want to tell you about the new guys.

Even though I've seen her stuff around before May So's *GLOOGIRL COMICS* were out in full force that Sunday. So has a very clean and precise line with a lot of innovative angles. (I think it has something to do with her career in architecture.) They are cute little comic vignettes of advice or stream-of-May-So's-consciousness. Beautifully poetic and with great insight, So is a favourite. She even had a Gloogirl care package to go with *Gloogirl's Guide to Food and Fortune*! What can I say, I respect that kind of effort.

Bob had two comics for the offering. Having never seen his work before, I was impressed with his comics, and his brush

line is fluid and confident. In what can be a pretty messy medium, Bob leaves the panels uncluttered and clean. *WINE, WOMAN AND SONG* was about the eternal crush. It's also about a bunch of friends hanging out. Sounds boring, but he made it interesting. Pretty much about the weakness of man, it made me laugh, it wasn't preachy, and it didn't take sides. I like to think comics like these just bring me one step closer to understanding how the male mind works.

Okay, so he isn't local, but Torontonian Michael Noonan was there and his comic *FANCY PANTS* almost knocked my pants off. A comic about various types of relationships involving sex and love in this new century or ours, it's honest, funny, and really well drawn. Noonan has a great expressive style. Goofy, big and sharp, this comic was quite the gem.

Pregnant Embryo Studio was there and 'creative' would be an understatement. Their table was littered with comics of all shapes and sizes—it was a cornucopia. At turns simple and full of grace, you had so much to choose from. I recommend *THE TALE OF THE UGLY TURKEY CHICK*, a dark fable with a happy ending drawn with such clarity it almost begs to be coloured. As well as *BUTTERFLY DREAMS*, an anthology with an amazing hodgepodge of art. The stories revolve around dream time and no space is left unused.

A recent transplant that gave up political cartooning in Kamloops to do a daily family Internet strip, Andi Mori has a good thing going. He first came to my attention at the *Dripptytown Comics* premiere with his strip *FLOPNIK* (available at flopnik.com). *Flopnik* is the adventures of Rizzo the rice cooker, Spring Chicken the chicken, and Flopnik the robot toaster dog. There are puns and sight gags galore. It's funny, charming and offbeat—pretty much everything required in a daily comic strip. Mori is a good artist and his style hearkens to nostalgia for comic strips past. I'm definitely curious to check out his editorial cartoons.

Last, but certainly not least, was the horde known as The Bent Collective from Victoria. They are comprised of Nick O'Teen, Brian Fukushima, Emily Shoichet, Gareth Gaudin, and local guys Robin Bougie and Ed Brisson. You can taste all their wares in a handy little anthology they did called *HEINO AND HIS BAND*, or you can check out some of their solitary efforts as well. Nick O'Teen's collection of angry youth tales and service industry horrors was hilarious, not to mention interesting and intelligent. His art style is accomplished and almost realistic looking. It adds drama to his woes.

Ed Brisson's *SOB STORY* and *FOREVER AND A DAY* were good, too. I especially like the drunken bunny. *Sob Story* is his autobiographical stuff and it was hard not to relate to his tales of small town Ontario boredom and weirdness.

Gareth Gaudin has been churning out *MAGIC TEETH* for a while now. (50 issues!) At times bizarre, yet strangely adorable, Gaudin's characters entertain. His art style is wonky but neat and reminded me of a skinnier, cruder Robin Bougie. His style is ever changing and you can pick from big comics to little comics, to comics with records, to one-panel gags. He even has comics with no dialogue. It is truly like Gareth said, literature of the sugar generation.

All in all this show was a blast. It was cheap (if you didn't buy any comics), entertaining, full of surprises and gems. Not to mention it was a great way to spend a lazy Sunday. Want to relive the experience? Check out Word Under The Street at the Main Library on September 30. Everyone you know and love will be there and it promises to be a real humdinger of a time. It's free so go and immerse yourself in some alternative literature. •

# The day everything became nothing

I spent most of the day "it" happened with a beatific smile on my face. It was as if those crashing planes had popped a giant tension bubble in my head—there was nothing left for me to fear, because the worst thing that could have happened had finally happened. The world was ending. I didn't have to wonder anymore. But the disappearance of tension left a vacuum of motivation: my boyfriend and I wandered around aimlessly, in a trance, wondering what we were supposed to do with our day now that there was nothing left to strive for. Homework? *Discorder*? Creative effort? Why?

Eventually we fell into a hot, traumatized slumber, like newborns. I sucked my thumb as I slept and waking up was like emerging from a deep pool of mud. The sky was silent for the first time in my memory.

As the hours and days crawled by, it became apparent that the end of the world is not as simple as it looks. A late-Cold War childhood convinced me that the end of the world would begin with an Emergency Broadcast System broadcast and end, minutes or hours later, with the gestation of a nuclear winter. But that sort of End necessitates that the World is objectified as landscape, nation, air, rain, and corpse count. The real world is a subjective realm. The end of the world which matters most to people is the end of *their* world: the end of the ability to create their own reality in a way which makes sense to them. When I told my boyfriend about the *Sun*'s "End of Irony" piece in Saturday's *Mix*, he laughed that the terrorists had stolen away an entire generation's way of dealing with and interpreting the universe. In our culture, the end of the world can be as simple as the end of the right to move around freely. It can be the end of taking one's privilege and wealth for granted, or the end of the ability to express one's identity as a member of an ethnic, religious, or political group. For me, it is the end of the ability to say, in private or in public, how I feel about certain touchy political issues or figures. The shape the end of the world takes depends on what is most important to the individuals experiencing it.

Talk about ends is an expression of political impotence. While this can be a realistic assessment, particularly for people who feel that they have no say or power over events, it can also be a gesture of surrender. By declaring The End of the World, you are opting not to participate in constructive solutions. Lying back and accepting an expected atrocity is the easiest way to ensure that atrocity will occur. Refusing to give into despair—as strong as the temptation may be—is one strategy of resistence. Even if your resistence does nothing but inspire others that *they* can resist as well, it is working.

> By declaring The End of the World, you are opting not to participate in constructive solutions.

The symbol of the 6,000 dead bodies have created a politics of "hurt feelings" which works to squash dissent. Passivity and silence concerning the errors of US foreign policy are demanded by a mourning population who are "offended" by the slightest suggestion that this is *not* a matter of good versus evil, of civilization versus savagery. Mimi Nguyen, my intellectual saviour on the internet (www.worsethanqueer.com), has noted the way in which "The national discourse regarding this tragic event in particular has produced a certain set of organizing images and importantly *a certain kind of ideal citizen*. This ideal citizen—a fantasy in her own right—is defined by her passive participation in an imagined democracy. That is, she willingly forfeits her "right" to participate as a critical citizen in a working democracy for a sentimental image of community and unity."

The other day I dreamed that planes were exploding above McInnes Field at UBC. Human flesh rained in chunks onto the bright green grass. It looked like roasted turkey, and I wanted more than anything to eat it. Reaching down to pick up a piece, I realized that my cannibalism would be misinterpreted by the horrified onlookers. My anthropological education had taught me that cannibalism could sometimes be a pro-social act—like the Eucharist of the Christians. I knew that devouring the dead could be an expression of solidarity and an attempt to absorb their powerful and positive qualities. But the others would think that I was dishonoring their deaths—or worse, participating in a second, more horrific, murder. I ran away from the scene to avoid the temptation. •

*Barbara*

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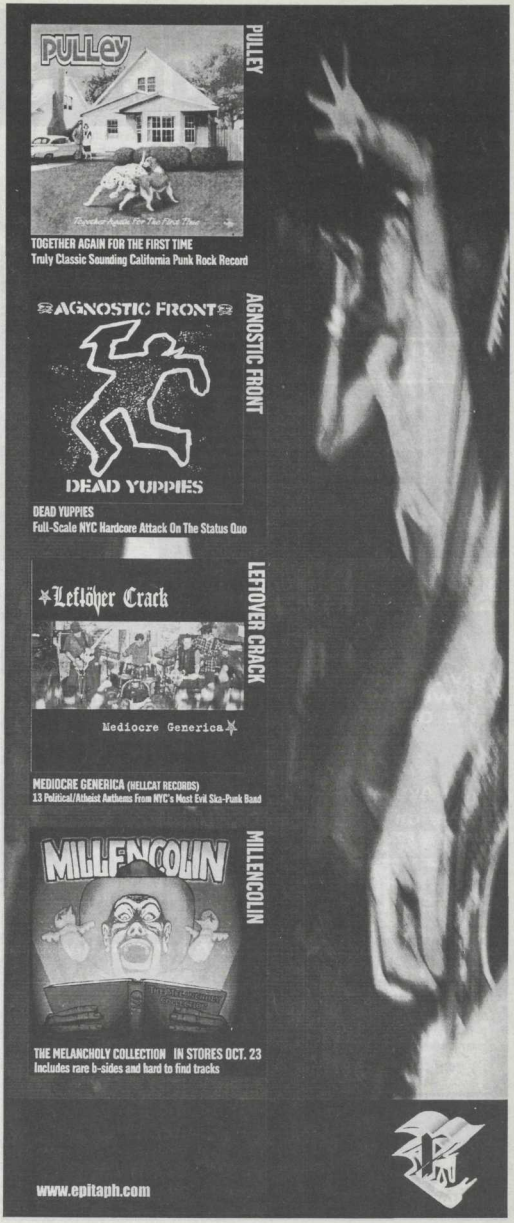

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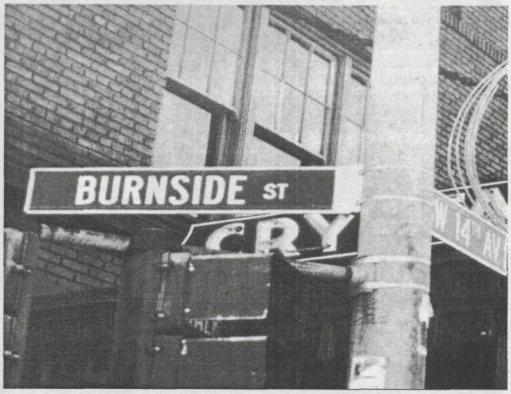


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**Montreal's Les Jardiniers know they're not going to save the world, so why not have a laugh or two while getting the kids to dance into oblivion? With a deep sense of the surreal and commitment to funky rhythms and suave French House, these tone gardeners could be electronic's new comic relief. Martin Dumais, Jean-Francois Charette and Sylvain Houde (now off and gone on his own literary career) make up one of Canada's freshest exports, attracting accolades and serious glances from Europe's most prestigious electronic music mags, signing to Paris' Apricot label and adding five tracks to Denys Arcand's new film. So will Canada take notice and embrace their own? I talked to Les Jardiniers' Martin Dumais about a myriad of dumb stuff.**

# Les Jardiniers

## by Bleek

**DiSCORDER: Please tell me how the Les Jardiniers project started. From what I understand, it was through a television journalist who needed some music.**

**Martin:** Actually, since '96 I've done the music for Christianne Charette en direct à TV that airs cross Canada on the French CBC. The last time I had to do it in '99 I asked my old partner JF to help me out and it re-sparked our collective creative flame. We had already had a band called Loopclicks in 1993-94; we used to do early tech-house type stuff.

**How do the ideas for the tracks evolve? What is it that you are working toward when you begin creating?**

There is no main ingredient, we might get inspired by a rhythm pattern we've created or just playing some melodies on the keyboard, anything goes. In three years I don't think we've worked the same way once.

**Do you guys play live? When can we expect to see you around Vancouver?**

Yes, we play live a lot, but mostly in Europe. We've played in Berlin, Köln, Manchester, several times in France, and best of all at Sonar in Barcelona. We play a lot the festivals and parties in Quebec, but have never played out much in Canada. We should get to Vancouver in October

**In your opinion what is the truest form of statement?**

I would have to say sex.

**I mean artistic statement.**

You can be creative in bed, but I would say anything spontaneous not overly pre-packaged.

**Can you explain what the lyrics are in "Spacegirl" and what they mean? It's one of my current favourites.**

They actually don't mean anything, it's just badly-translated French-to-English nonsense, were very dadaist with lyrics.

**What would you like the listener to be left with after hearing Les Jardiniers?**

Depends on the context. Our live shows are pretty intense, and we would like people to be drained from dancing. On CD I like to think people feel they haven't lost their time and feel they heard something fun and original.

**Which bands would you most like to be touring with?**

Rinocérose. We've played with them before and have about the same living habits and age and, on some levels, a similar sound. Wouldn't mind touring with Madonna either, though.

**Jesus! Why Madonna?**

She's obviously loaded, which would make for a more comfy tour, and she has excellent musical taste. Madonna knows more about electronic music then most fayers.

**Can you name the best band of the '60s, the '70s, '80s, '90s and '00s?**

Hard to pin down just one. For the sixties: Can or early Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream. Seventies: Throbbing Gristle, Suicide, ABBA. Eighties: Duran Duran, Sonic Youth, Cocteau Twins. Nineties: My Bloody Valentine, Curve, Vanessa Paradis and nowadays a melting pot of everything aforementioned and lots of techno, house and Boards of Canada.

**What's the dumbest question you have ever been asked?**

Anything that has to do with politics. We're musicians, not politicians.

**What will be the next cultural revolution?**

An all-Simpsons TV network.

**Best place to spend the summer?**

Southern France or Spain, or anywhere with your friends. Sounds like an answer for Teen Beat, no?

**Worst place to spend the winter?**

Montreal under one foot of ice.

**What fictional characters do the band members most resemble?**

JF is like Colombo but we call him Colombrew. I'm a bit like Serge Gainsbourg so they call me Gainsbrew.

**Drug of choice?**

Beer, of course! •

## 20 QUESTIONS WITH PALOMAS

by holly mistur

A few weeks ago I stumbled upon this band in Seattle that changed my mind about the kind of music that is being written here on the West Coast. A lot of bands that I have seen lately have been either too far left or way too far right for me to even stay past the third song. These guys drew me in within the first 10 seconds. They silenced the crowd and soothed the drunk guy in the corner. The cello first caught my eye, then the singer whose voice reminded me of hot chocolate. My respect was ultimately won over as they played on. The cello was never a gimmick; it ranged in scale and dynamic. She played with a style that was all her own and it was obvious to all she had spent a lot of time doing this. The other members played with them adding a mention of rock.

I met with the band after the show and emailed them some questions, 20 or so. The band is named Palomas, which is Spanish for doves. The band consists of Marta on cello; Lisa sings/mumbles/whispers/whines and plays keyboard; Joel is the "percussionist;" Steve apparently speaks Latin and plays guitar. They started out as an acoustic project for an art show that never happened... neither the art show nor the acoustic.

**DiSCORDER: What role does the keyboard play during your performance?**
**Steve**: The keyboard is constantly transmitting an oscillating 12-15 hertz signal in hopes that we will either be visited by elephants or be the cause of the fabled "disco dump."

Their set built up slowly with songs like "My 21st Birthday, Lifelong," and "Woody Allen," a song that was originally titled "Woody Allen Bangs His Daughter," but as they mentioned, certain forces inside the band has lobbied against that. The song was slower than most and reminded me of a ballad, which is why I vote for the original title. The best song they did was their last titled "Kuniper." Each member solely raises the tempo and noticeably twist their instruments causing a wall of melodic noise. This was much unlike the rest of their set which was mostly soft. Lisa explained that this was one of her favorites. "I sort of get to caterwaul a bit at the end and I don't feel compelled to sing that way to often"

**What is your favorite time signature?**
**Joel**: I'm partial to 6/8 time. It can rock, but it also has that "drinking and singing late night in a Dublin pub feel." As far as the one we play with the most I would have to say 4/4. There is a lot of work that occurs between Steve's favorites— 5/4, 7/4, and 7/8—and when the songs are actually performed it's 4/4 for the audience.
**Steve**: I'm a sucker myself for songs that change from 4/4 to 6/8 or somewhere in the middle. All dramatic like.
**Lisa**: I'm not so good with the math thing. What the hell are you guys talking about?

While I was watching them play I heard someone in the crowd liken them to Sonora Pine. Probably because of the cello. The big difference between them is also that the cello leads in this band, not the guitar. They hold the same mesmerizing element, but the singing is much more ethereal. This word and others like translucent, eventual, disseminated, and spacious were thrown out to me by the band as words they felt best described their music.

**What's your favorite *News Radio* episode?**
**Steve**: They're all so good... the one where Mr. James is actually DB Cooper.
**Joel**: The one where Lisa is worried about her decreasing brainpower as she ages and schedules her and Dave to re-take the SATs. Then Dave stays up all night and playing Defender.
**Lisa**: The one where Andy Dick has miniature cars.

Palomas is a band that I'm hoping to see a lot more of in the next coming months. They've reminded me that musicians with talent can create music, not noise, and produce something without any gimmicks. •


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Andrew Duke is a very intense man from Halifax. I originally met him online through Toronto's techno.ca mailing list. He was already gaining fame and widespread popularity for his worldwide syndicated radio and net show, *Andrew Duke's In The Mix* aka *Cognition Audioworks*, hosted at the time on the now defunct Streetsound.com. Andrew was obviously an articulate and intelligent guy, and soon his show became THE place to premiere a new album if you were hip in the burgeoning underground electronic music scene (whatever that is). This was 1998 or so, when everybody still answered emails and when dot.com capital flowed like water. Now that Streetsound.com has bit the bullet and Andrew has become Station Manager of CC radio station CKDU in Halifax, he has had the chance to turn back to his first love: producing music. Andrew is older than me, he's like 30 something and married and all of that. He speaks of making music and DJing in the '80s and being a part of Halifax's early techno scene and I just nod and think, "I was in highschool at the time." But no matter. When Andrew says he is going to do something, he does, and when he said he had some new music coming out I was thinking a 12", maybe an album, but nope, Andrew has put out *five albums at once on five different labels* and a whack of singles to boot. His music is experimental techno, moving from challenging IDM and glitch material to strangely rhythmed crunchy beats and textures. Across five albums, it all sounds like him. He has a sound—something many artists spend their entire careers searching for. Dedication? Perseverance? Energy? If you don't know Andrew, and meet him say offhand in a bar, you will probably think he is a rather gregarious but shy Newfie who likes to talk a bit loudly, like he's tipsy. But Andrew has every right to talk all about this. So I talked to him on email.

# ANDREW DUKE DUKES IT OUT

## HOW TO MAKE INSANE MUSIC

BY TOBIAS V

**DiSCORDER: Your music is borderline abrasive. Psychotic, really. What are your personal demons?**

Hmmm, personal demons? Perhaps: despite knowing that it is not a smart thing to do, I have a habit of, both in the short and the long term, taking on and doing too much at once so that at a certain point I get totally burnt out, both physically and mentally. I'm aware that we only have a limited amount of time and we have no foreknowledge of when our time will be up… so I'm constantly on the move—like a shark—and doing things, juggling the physical and the mental—way too many acts and way too many thoughts. I know we all must die and there's nothing we can do to change that, but I don't want to be on my deathbed thinking "I should have done that" or "I should have done this"; perhaps that's how I ended up with five albums coming out in the next six months! I've always felt that there was something "different" going on with my brain (and it seems like others concur: after hearing "You're weird, Andrew, but it's a good weird," from lots of people throughout my life, and at different times in my life, so these would have been sets of people who had never met each other); my parents wanted to take me to a psychiatrist when I was in my teens… I convinced them otherwise at the time, but ended up making an appointment with a psychiatrist a few months after I got to Halifax in September 1987 because things just didn't seem "right" and I was losing my ability to function. He diagnosed me as someone whose perfectionist tendencies were destroying him and dismissed me by telling me that I just had to realize that no one is perfect and I shouldn't try to be perfect. Years of trying to keep this in mind, and tons of self-help books later (I still felt there was something not quite "right" in my brain), and I ended up at 30 with the same feelings—but worse—I had when I was 19. I literally could not function, but, instead of cutting down on things and taking a step back, my reaction was to take on more things (more columns, more reviews, more music things like syndicated shows, world premiers, etc., etc.) and things were getting increasingly worse. Now, I'm not a workaholic in the working-for-others sense, but I am definitely a workaholic in my personal life, and my life has always revolved around music, so it was like the thing I loved most—music—felt literally like it was going to be the thing that would kill me.

It was November 1999 and I had just turned 30 a couple of months before and I realized that it was time to give another psychiatrist a chance. This time I was referred to a psychiatrist who, unlike the one 11 years previously, actually listened… she eventually diagnosed me with bipolar and obsessive compulsive disorder. Not that having this diagnosis made everything A-OK since then, but it did put my past into perspective and allow me to make peace with my past and a lot of the things I did that I had kept mentally beating up myself for.

An example: in 1990 I owned no CDs and was still buying only records. I bought a record one day that skipped, took it back for another copy, that one skipped, took that back and the third copy skipped. Through that alone, despite having bought only records up until that time, I decided to sell my entire collection (approximately 1000 singles and 1000 albums at the time; included a lot of rare and limited things that I haven't seen since) in the course of one afternoon. That evening I went out, bought a CD player, and some CDs and told myself I wouldn't buy any more records. A month after that I sold the CD player, all of the CDs, and all of my stereo equipment, and—feeling that the source of all my mental frustation was music—vowed, and kept the vow for almost three years—to not buy any music, and listen only to spoken word. So I'm not sure how much these personal demons affect the music I made then and make now, but it is certainly evident in my choice of song and album titles!

Anyway, I definitely can see where you'd get the word abrasive in there. I thought your review of my stuff where you said, "It's like you can see the ice cream, but you can't taste it," was very apt. When I record, I consciously make sure the result is not "easy" or "nice." Now, don't get me wrong, I don't have a problem with easy or nice, in fact I love soulful sounds and things like early Stevie Wonder and other artists that are far from abrasive and harsh. But take Stevie Wonder, he'd make sure that, even though his music was smooth and easy, that he'd get some lyrics in there that weren't so easy, lyrics that maybe some might have considered abrasive if they were the type of people who wanted simple lyrics that said and offered nothing. I make an effort to get some funk in my rhythmic pieces, but then add constrasting elements, oftentimes which aren't so smooth; "Crablike" is a good example [from *Sprung*].

**Tell me a little about the Halifax scene that you come out of. What was your role in it—learning, mentoring DJs, throwing parties, etc.?**

I moved to Halifax in 1987 and did the Friday night overnight show on CKDU, [which] gave me a heck out a lot of time to explore all kinds of music at the station. I DJed the parties at King's College (where I was a student) plus various parties elsewhere and nights at some clubs. 'Course this all stopped when I sold all my vinyl in 1990. The first party I was involved with throwing was in 1993 with Nick Oliver (aka Nick Nonsense; for my DJ set for that party, because I didn't have a single record to my name, I relied on a few records I bought the morning of the party plus records borrowed that night from Nick) and some other people. We had an equal number of DJs and live sets—some of us DJed and played live, our concept was [to] not have one overshadow the other. We were going to continue with this style of night, but, unfortunately, one of the collective wanted out and, being greedy, went to small claims court in an effort to get more money than he deserved; this caused things to fall apart because we intended to take the profits from the first party and do the next one and so on. I did a few parties after that over the years, but nothing really substantial. Back in the early '90s, electronic music parties were more about locals getting together, playing their favorite records, and having fun. This still happens, but the focus has shifted more to headliners, and getting more and more of them. So the adage now seems to be not about having fun, but of being bigger than last time, of having more people than last time, of making more money than last time, etc. I had hoped back in 1993, and still hope, that live PAs would become integrated with DJs at events, but it's still not happening here in Halifax as I, and others, would like to see. The best live PA I've seen here in Halifax, *Modular Men* (Andrew Weeks and Justin Buckley), are doing some live PAs at various nights.

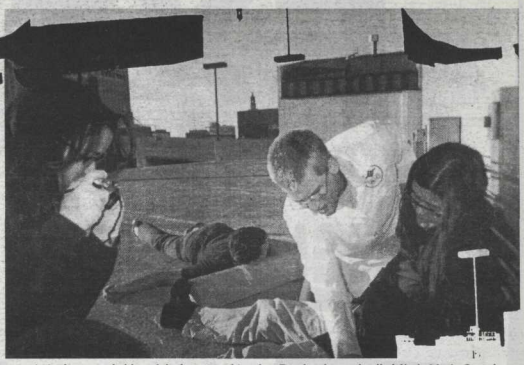
At this point in Halifax we seem to have nights with live PAs and nights with DJs, but little crossover—what worries me about this is that people just getting into the scene sometimes see a live performance and, instead of enjoying the PA for what it is—music performed live instead of a DJ playing records—instead spend their time wondering, "Where are the records? Where's the DJ?" And some of those who attend nights only with DJs on the bill are lead to believe that DJs make the music they play (and thus the live PAs become an even stranger thing; the thought becomes, why have a live PA if you can have a DJ?); now in cases like Richie Hawtin and others, there are DJs who produce and producers who DJ, but we really need to get the live PAs and the DJs on the same bill often enough to show the dancers both sides—the recorded as well as the performed medium of electronic music. Hopefully as more Halifax-based electronic artists perform and have material released, promoters and dancers here will understand both sides more fully and we'll have a more thriving scene as a result.

Andrew assembles his musical oddities using a mix of hardware (Emax II and Juno 106 keyboards, TR 606, 3 Alesis MMT8 sequencers) and software (Reactor, Sound Forge, Cool Edit, Acid, Audiomulch); some of his pieces were dubbed live to DAT, playing the Juno on the fly and sequencing rhythms on the MMT8s; others were chopped on his PC. He says that he tries to work on music as much as possible and gave me an ultra-detailed account of the process, which we won't print here, as we just don't have the space. In fact, that rule-of-thumb goes for the whole interview: you'd need a small book to encompass the monstrous emails that flew around. But don't take this rag's verbosity at face value. Prepare yourself for the following albums, all coming out over the next few months: *Sprung* on France's BiP_Hop records, out January; *Consumer Versus User*, on Phthalo (USA); *Physical and Mental Health*, on Folding Cassettes/( )Dial; *Second Opinion: Physical and Mental Health Revisited*, on io/Plate Lunch; and tracks on two compilations: *45 Seconds Of*, on Simballrec, and *Generation V.6* on Bip_Hop, out in April. Andrew Duke is a very intense man from Halifax. •

# Xiu Xiu

By Doretta Lau : :

photo by Ralphie P.



***I had the chance to see Xiu Xiu when they opened for the Beans this past summer in Vancouver. Before I saw them, they were just a band with a name I couldn't pronounce. The only thing I knew about them was that one of their members, Yvonne Chen, runs Zum Media (which put out two Beans CDs) with her brother George. Then the band took the stage at The Starfish Room, with instruments decorated with felt cut outs reminiscent of Sunday School, and played a genre-defying set which straddled the realms of irony and earnestness. I didn't know what to make of them, but I knew that I liked them.***

***The morning of the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center, I fired off an email to frontman Jamie Stewart, without any knowledge of the mass destruction that had occurred. I didn't expect him to answer, given everything that had gone on, but I received a reply several days later. Stewart, who according to the Xiu Xiu website has recorded with members of Devo, the Screamers and Robert Fripp, claims his most awkward stage in life has lasted from birth to present. The truth is, he was a perfectly charming interviewee.***

*DiSCORDER*: **Who are the members of Xiu Xiu? (Please list full names, instruments played, ages, any other important biographical information.)**

**Jamie Stewart**: Xiu Xiu is made up of a carbon based composite that once broken down, separated in a centrifuge and examined under a microscope can be referred to as: Lauren Andrews (20), synth, bells and gongs, harmonium and guitar; Yvonne Chen (27), bells, gongs, and synth; Cory McCulloch (30), bass, guitar, harmonium, bells and gongs; Jamie Stewart (29), vox, guitar, synth, and mandolin; Mr. Robota (10,000,000), who is a drum machine and our real father/mother. Live and recording we switch around on instruments a lot. Although I wish we all had eight arms and could play them all at once.

**How did you come together?**

Cory and I had played in two bands before (IBOPA and Ten in the Swear Jar) and when Xitsj broke up we really wanted to continue to play together. Yvonne runs a record label and zine called *Zum* and she and I ran into eachother a few times because of that and became really good friends. Lauren used to work as an engineer at a little studio that Cory and I used to have at our house and we got to be friends through that. This is the first band that I have been in where I was friends with everybody first and it makes it fantastic. Everyone has eachother's best interest at heart and is concerned about eachother's feelings. Also we can make more fun of eachother because we know about eachother's personal lives.

**Where are you based?**

We all live in the miserable/magnifique gaping wound/flowering tomorrow of San Jose, California.

**What is your discography?**

This January we have a CD coming out on 5 Rue Christine (5RC) which is an imprint of Kill Rock Stars. It will be put out in vinyl by Absolutely Kosher. The title is *Knife Play*. Right now we are working on a 7" on Springman Records that will be a collaboration with Deerhoof. Summer 2002 we will be putting out an EP on Absolutely Kosher, which we are recording right now as well. Previously released music would be on compilations by the trillions that we love with hearts inflated to the trillions of psi.

**Where did you get your name from?**

Joan Chen made a movie called *Xiu Xiu the Sent Down Girl*. If you are not familiar with it, it is a story that is desperate, non-conciliatory, heart breaking and makes you feel awful.

**How is it pronounced?**

That is a tough question. In the movie, Xiu Xiu, the main character's name is pronounced "Shoe Shoe" by other characters, but in an interview that Yvonne saw with Joan Chen, she pronounced it "Show Show". We usually say "Shoe Shoe" because we had been calling it that for about eight months before Yvonne saw the interview, but we always feel a little hesitant about it as we do not want to disrespect the source's creator.

**Who made the felt cut outs that you drape on your equipment during shows?**

I work at a pre-school that is part of a church. It has been there for about 80 years and some of the back closets are packed with boxes and boxes of mystery items. We were cleaning out one of them and it was full of about 100 of these super bizarre and tragically posed figures.

**What is their significance?**

I have not been able to figure out what the story that they go with is about. All of the people look very upset. Lauren and I are working on a video that uses them in a story about a dad who goads his 11-year-old son into telling him about his sex life so the dad can use the material in his performance art pieces. The son lives with his mentally disabled grandmother and thinks his dad is a pain in the ass and although he has never kissed anyone he makes up elaborate homoerotic stories just so his father will leave him alone.

**Are you filming right now?**

Lauren from Xiu Xiu is doing it on her computer as she is a genius.

**Is it a short?**

It will be a video for a song called "Don Diasco".

**Who is going to play the 11 year old?**

We are actually only going to use the felt cut outs. Lauren has taken photos of them and will automate camera moves over them. She is doing it like they used to do cheap cartoons; taking a still shot and using the camera's motion to simulate ACTION!

**Have you made any other videos?**

We are working on putting out a collection of them right now that hopefully will be done by the time *Knife Play* is out. We are working on about seven or eight of them. A couple are being done by friends and Lauren is doing the rest. One is a dance video (we had a bad ass named Justin, who could really do R 'n' B style dancing, dance behind the camera as we tried in vain to follow him—amusing/embarrassing/tough to watch), a couple are animated or Claymation, the felt one as mentioned, one is set on a space ship bridge. Two are very art damaged; they are sort of funny, sort bizarre, and sort of grim.

**What would you start a riot over?**

If someone in my family was wrongly imprisoned I would bust into the courtyard and pass out shanks and bottles to all the inmates to free my kin amidst the confusion. I do not know that I would start a riot but I would participate in one if US politics continues to narrow much more.

**How do you feel when you go to the polls and it seems like you could just spit on your ballot and it wouldn't made a difference?**

The US two party system was not designed to be pluralistic. I hope when I vote that it can matter but obviously considering who is in the White House at the moment it does not. It hurts that "America" is very much bullshit and it is scary. It is overwhelming and it is supposed to be. Voting is a civic duty and being a grass roots activist is a human duty.

**Describe your sound.**

BLAH! Perhaps in my mind and I do not think all of Xiu Xiu would agree with this: depressing pop, modern classical, electro, house, experimental. Sometimes it is very very dense, sometimes it is very very empty.

**What is in your CD player at the moment?**

My five disc changer recently purchased from Fry's Electronics is currently home to: Jose Maceda (he is a Filipino composer who does works for like 200 people playing gongs and instruments made out of bamboo—fascinating and impossible), a disc of Chinese Taoist funeral music, a live Deerhoof record called *Koala Magic*, Symphony No. 8 by Shostakovich and the new Björk.

**In classical music, besides Shostakovich, who else do you dig?**

I am going to mangle the spellings of most of these people: Goreyki, Ligetti, Mahler. There is a compilation disc of Russian women composers who are composing right now who are everything. It is under the title *Genia*, who is the pianist who is playing them. Ginastera, Bartok, Reich, Crumb ("Black Angels" is astonishing, point blank THE BEST!). These are my big favourites of the moment. The Emerson Quartet is number one. They do mostly modern repertoire pieces but they destroy them with a stick and a dirty look.

**What is your musical background? Are you classically trained?**

No, I am pretty much self taught save two courses at community college. There are advantages to being classically trained in that it can facilitate communicating your ideas to other people, but if you get mired in technique as a lot of classical wonks do, then the point of communicating music gets very small. Cory went to music school and has very consciously avoided having it prevent him from playing from his heart. He is a brilliant model for having music school teach you to listen as opposed to dictate. He hipped me to almost all of the modern classical music that I am listening to right now.

**Who or what do you find influential?**

The Smiths, travelling anywhere, the news, my neighbours yelling at eachother all the time, my parents yelling at eachother all the time, drum sounds, art movies, dance clubs, insane things children at work do and say, reading, music made by people who play it because it was/is part of their everyday life (field recordings, religious music, traditional songs) and "This American Life" on NPR.

**What is the most insane thing a child at your work has done or said?**

"I am pregnant and I have twin baby boys in my tummy and they are gonna kill you, sucker!" —Natalie Salazar

**What are you reading right now?**

I have a lot of time on the train and while the children at work are napping to read, so I read all the time: A book about the history of the Hells Angels; *Keep the River to Your Right*, a book about a New York painter who goes and lives with a tribe in Peru who are cannibals and he falls in love with one of them; *First They Killed My Father*, a memoir of a woman who was a child in Cambodia during the Khmer Rouge regime; *Tape Op* magazine.

**Why do you write "eachother" instead of "each other"?**

I wish that I wrote it each-other. •

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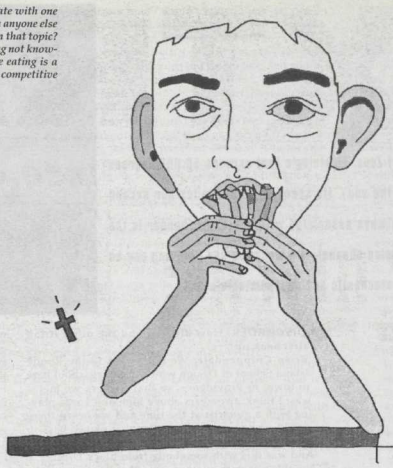
# George Shea IFOCE International Federation of Competitive Eating



**By Daryl Wener**

**photo by Scott Malin**

*Fifteen human trash cans coming together one afternoon in New York State with one purpose in mind: trying to prove they can eat hot dogs at a pace faster than anyone else on the globe. How could CiTR Sports not want to conduct an interview on that topic? I called the organizer of the International Federation of Competitive Eating not knowing what to expect. Did organizer George Shea truly believe competitive eating is a sport? Not only does the man behind the mustard believe eating pizza is a competitive sport, but that it is the sport of the next century. You be the judge.*

**DiSCORDER: Tell me about your big event, at Coney Island, and what just went down there the other day.**

**George Shea:** Well, you know, competitive eating is a sport that's been practiced for centuries, and in its most organized form, at Coney Island, since 1916. In the 86 years that contest has been run, a variety of excellent eaters have come to the floor, including Ed Crotchey, Nakagima, Frank Delarosa. But this year the entire world, and the world of competitive eating, was shocked when Takiro Kobayashi of Nagano, Japan ate 50 Nathan's Famous Hot Dogs and buns in 12 minutes. Now that is twice the previous record.

**What kinds of condiments are allowed in the hot dog eating contest?**

Well, competitors can choose to either eat their hot dogs and buns with condiments or without. They can actually eat them with anything they'd like to drink, even beer, although no one does. They could have soda or seltzer, [but] most choose water. But the really, really good eaters don't have enough time to dress their hotdogs. They are just focused on crunching the hotdog and bun, or practicing whatever style it is that will allow them to eat as many hot dogs and buns in 12 minutes as possible.

**Are you allowed to pre-set your condiments or does everything have to be done after the bell rings?**

As a courtesy to the athletes—and most of the guys that get to Coney Island are real pros, so it's really not an issue—we allow them to dress their hot dogs' buns with mustard or ketchup, but I must say that most of the guys don't use any condiments. The hot dog and bun is a difficult ensemble to eat. The bun is very dry and difficult to swallow, whereas the hot dog is dense and flavourful. What they are trying to do is to manage that bun, to crunch it down, dunk it in the water, and while they are doing that, they are usually eating the hotdog at the same time.

**Let's go over some of the different eating methods. Kobayashi—are we referring to him as the king of competitive eating?**

Well actually he is the competitive eater formerly known as, or currently know as, The Prince.

**So he uses the "Solomon" method, where he tears the dog in half and puts the two halves in his mouth. There's the "Washdown" method. Tell us some of the methods people use.**

I think that Nakagima of Japan, in 1996, brought a new style to the sport, and that was immediately referred to as "Japanesing" or "Tokyo" style: separating hot dog from bun and eating them separately. Most of the veteran eaters practice some version of that method now. But this year we saw a new method come to the floor.

**Kobayashi splits hot dog and bun in half, then shoves them in his mouth on the two sides, and chews simultaneously, almost like a conveyor belt action as it goes down his throat. That was immediately dubbed the "Solomon" method by the crowd, obviously in reference to the biblical king.**

It is not about style with Kobayashi. There is no human alive who can eat 50 hot dogs and buns in 12 minutes simply because of an excellent style. This man has phenomenal capacity, phenomenal control, and he is just something we've never seen before.

**Were you absolutely shocked that Kobayashi was even able to compete at this event at that level or was he a favourite going in?**

There had been a lot of rumbling before the contest. Everybody thought that Arrye was the man to beat, but then the Japanese crew came over to us and asked that we made sure that we had at least 40 numbers on his counting card. I expected that we may see 30 fall. Possibly 35. When he was eating at the pace he was, and when he indeed ate 50 hot dogs in 12 minutes, I mean, I thought then it was impossible, I think now it is impossible. He did the impossible. He did it, but it is impossible, he can never be beaten. He is operating at a level that is far beyond the other athletes. He is years ahead.

**Put this in comparison to other athletes' records in different sports.**

The one that immediately comes to mind is Bob Beeman's long jump in the '68 Olympics where he added 14 inches to the previous record. This is like that in terms of its shock value, but it would be more like adding three, four, five feet to the record, Mark McGwire doubling his record, Barry Bonds doubling his record, something like that. In a way, the athletic dominance that this shows, it would be as if Shaquille O'Neil were 17 feet tall and could lean over from the free-throw line and just push the basketball through the net. He is just far and away beyond what everybody is doing.

**All of these men weigh under 100 pounds. In general, in North America, we think of an eating competition champion as your 6'5", 300-400 pound basic gorilla. But that doesn't seem to be who's pulling in the title. What does the ideal eating body look like?**

Intuitively, you would say the bigger and fatter the person is the more likely he or she would be able to eat large quantities of food in a short time. The truth is, size has absolutely nothing to do with eating capacity and skill. It is a talent. Some say it is innate, but I would say it's a skill you can enhance and foster over years of training.

Ed Crotchey, former world champion, wrote a scholarly journal article referred to now by the competitive eating community as the "Belt of Fat" theory. What it boils down to, is that he says that a fat person is actually restricted and inhibited by the belt of fat around the stomach that prevents the stomach from expanding.

Sadly, that document was rejected by *The New England Journal of Medicine* and several other journals. But I think what it says is we have to rethink how we perceive the sport of competitive eating. Big guys are not necessarily the champs.

**How do these individuals train for these competitions?**

Ed Crotchey eats a lot of spaghetti and drinks a lot of milk prior to his matches. I know that some of the guys, usually the younger guys, will fast the day before. That's actually considered to be a rookie error. It was Mike DeVito who developed the only method that the IFOCE endorses, and that's the water training method. That's a very gentle and powerful method of drinking gallons and gallons of water on the days before the contest to actually stretch the stomach in a non-traumatic way.

**Everything you're doing involves food. Another thing people like to do, perhaps on their own time, is an alcohol drinking competition, maybe a beer contest. Is that something you'd ever consider pursuing or is that just too dangerous?**

I think that it's clear that the federation has been looking for a liquid-centered sport for years now. Obviously the idea of a beer drinking contest comes up, but we have summarily dismissed that on many occasions. I think that a soda or juice or milk or water drinking contest doesn't have the magic, and we have to reject an alcohol contest for the safety reasons. I do want to say that a new associate member of the federation does what they call the Beer Mile. They run a mile while drinking four beers. It's really more of a club than it is a contest.

**Another thing that I saw that caught my mind is a woman finished third in the Coney Island contest, so women can compete. It's not a sexual racist event.**

There's no Title Nine in our event because we don't separate women from men. I think the reason we don't was highlighted by Takaka Okasaka last year when she beat the entire American field. She ate 22 and one half hot dogs and buns. So many women compete. The only rule that we have about who can compete is that you have to be over 18.

**Where are you going to take the sport from here? In Japan Kobayashi won an event that had a $100,000 purse. You don't have any prize money in your competitions.**

Nathan's Famous Hot Dog Eating Contest is about patriotism and show of skill. It is not about money. The only prize is a year's supply of hot dogs, which is 480 hot dogs and buns and obviously possession of the coveted Mustard Yellow International Belt. So that is glory and honour enough to motivate the guys.

**Give some last words to an individual who doesn't believe that this truly is a sport.**

Well, everybody has their Uncle Emmett who could eat five or ten slices of pie at Thanksgiving. And everybody has been to a festival where there's a pie eating contest. Those are sanctified by time and honoured by tradition and in movies and all of our culture. It really comes down to opening your mind and accepting this as a sport. Now if you look out the window and one person is running around the block in shorts, and just keeps running around the block, you'd call the police and say, "This man is crazy." If there are two people out there running, it's a race, and it's perfectly acceptable. That's what a lot of these athletes have been doing. They are testing themselves against themselves, and their fellow athletes. To me it's one of the most fundamental sports out there. It's a great sport, and it's a beautiful sport. It's physical poetry in a lot of ways. So we cannot allow ourselves to stick with our parochial views of what is sport. This is an original sport, a fundamental sport, and I believe it's the sport of the new millennium. •

**Early Greeks believed that lightning was a weapon of Zeus. Lightning's heat exceeds 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit (three times hotter than the surface of the sun). Its speed is 90,000 miles per second (one hundred million feet per second). Thunder is always associated with lightning. Thunder is the shock wave created by super heated air in the lightning channel. It's wrong to say lightning can be "stopped" or prevented. It is a totally capricious, stochastic and unpredictable event.**

**— National Lightning Safety Institute**

# LIGHTNING BOLT

DiSCORDER: **How did you and the other Brian first hook up?**

**Brian Chippendale**: We both went to the Rhode Island School of Design which is an art school here in town, in Providence, so that's where we met. I was, I think, two years above him, and I was playing with a guitarist at the time and we heard there was like a new guy, a freshman, that played bass so we tried it out with him—yeah, it was 1994.

**And was this with somebody from Black Dice?**

No, this was with another guy—that happened later. What happened was that we started playing with him on bass and actually me and the guitarist didn't really like playing with him on bass, with this Brian, so we stopped. But then I eventually left the guitarist and then about six months later me and Brian just tried it again out of the blue at the end of 1994.

**When I think of Providence I think of, first, HP Lovecraft and Brown University, and just generally a kind of quiet, conservative place, you know? What's it like?**

Oh God, these days it's absolutely frustrating. It's become a weirdly popular town... with all sorts of levels of people. I mean, I know probably 20 sort of, like, hip, post-college people that have moved here just in the last month or so... just the last couple years has been this influx of post-college people.

**And what do you think the appeal is?**

I don't know. I kind of think some of it is the fact that for the last couple years there has been a lot of music and a lot of art coming out of here. But when I first came, it was just sort of like a desolate town, there was sort of like a rock scene—I mean, I came here for school in 1991—and it was kind of quiet, and it seemed like it was the art school that seemed kind of, like, that's where the craziness was seeming to happen. I mean, there were bands here before that like Six Finger Satellite, and Drop Dead is from here—they've been around for awhile—but that sort of new outpouring of like crazy, noisy Providence bands, a lot of that is sort of the collision of the 'rizity, just a set of the 'rizity people that have decided to stick around... mixed with the already interesting rock scene that was here. [*Interviewer's note: I swear that "'rizity" means "University."*]

**What is Fort Thunder and how is it connected with all this scene, and the School of Design and everything?**

Fort Thunder is basically, like, in 1995—September I guess was when we got it—me and my roommate for a bunch of years, my freshman roommate, this guy named Matt Brinkman, we were just looking for a warehouse space where we could play music and have parties, too. So we found one. And that was September of '95 when we moved in with two other guys and we called it Fort Thunder. It was based on the idea that it was a place that could be loud and we kind of felt it was like a fort [*we both laugh*]. And also 'cause Lightning Bolt had formed before that and so it was also sort of the place where Lightning Bolt lived. But it kind of grew. I mean, when we first started out, it was our final year in 'rizity for both me and Matt which basically meant that we dropped out of school right after that: we didn't actually finish. So we started out just having some shows. I think the first show that we had there was Karp, Karp played.

**Karp! I loved that band!**

Yeah, Karp was amazing. So that was the first show, and then the second show was like US Maple and The Scissor Girls. So that was good. I mean, that was all in 1995, back when Karp was amazing and I thought that US Maple was pretty amazing at that point—I'm not so into 'em anymore. But it was kind of like, we were 'rizity kids and our audience was pretty art school associated and we kind of started making elaborate posters for the shows we were having... I was a printmaking major.

**Oh, that's what you were doing at school.**

Yeah, like, the actual album cover, about 1300 of the vinyl out of 2000 [have] been silkscreened. So if you have the CD, that's a photograph of the silkscreened album. So that was my major in school so that's kind of how I make my living too is mostly just doing prints. And then Fort Thunder just kind of grew. We were actually just evicted this summer. I was away on tour. That's why it's frustrating now: Lightning Bolt doesn't have a place to play; I don't have a place to silkscreen; we don't have a place to have shows.

**What was the deal? What happened?**

Over the past two years, there's been a company slowly buying all the options for the buildings—it's like a 13-acre mill complex with like 13 different owners and like a whole bunch of different buildings, like 20 different buildings or something. So basically, we kind of as a group, and a lot of other people too, decided that we wanted to try to stop this complex from being torn down and turned into like a supermarket. But because we suddenly had to draw all this attention to ourselves, the other city people came in and we basically got evicted because a) we were living illegally, and b) we'd been decorating the place for the last six years or so, and the Fire Marshall has declared it a complete firetrap.

**I've seen the pictures on the internet. It looked like a lot of visual information, and I wanted to ask you about the kind of aesthetic of the bands and even the art, it seems to mesh together and make sense together: it's sort of this spastic, demented, kind of juvenile wrestling world. It seems linked**

**to some of the stuff that Skin Graft was doing.**

Skin Graft has definitely been a very artsy label. It's hard to say... what is the aesthetic? I mean, it's kind of like just a lot or something.

**Just maximalist.**

Yeah, but also sort of simple. I mean, you know, Fort Thunder, we were just collecting lots of trash all the time and just putting it up and building our own little world. It's very much based on like, "We're in here. We don't need anybody else. We're just gonna make everything from the ground up." I mean, we weren't growing food or anything like that, but we probably would have been if we didn't live in a parking lot or something.

**There's also an ironic superhero thing happening as well. Like, with the art, and even your song titles—"13 Monsters" and everything—it all seems to border on the fantastic and the mythical in some really goofy kind of way.**

Yeah, that's real too. Another thing about Fort Thunder is that there's a lot of comic book guys in there: we draw a lot of comics. We put out a free paper of comics in town—a new issue just came out—but we don't really draw superhero comics, we just draw weird, demented comics.... I feel like it's something based on a weird obsessiveness. I just personally like to keep busy. I'm either playing drums, I'm drawing, I'm working on prints, or like, in Fort Thunder I was just putting stuff up on the walls and building, expanding my room.

***Ride the Skies*: when I listen to that record, it's apparent that there's more energy than any recording could possibly hold. Who put it to tape and how did it all come about?**

The guy who we recorded with was Dave Achenbach who's recorded a 10" for Black Dice that has sort of spaghetti writing on the cover, if you've seen that one. He lives in Providence, and he goes to shows a lot and he'd just seen us a whole bunch, and he'd heard our first record which was half recorded or probably three-quarters recorded by me on like a left and right channel tape deck and I think part of it was recorded on like a walkman. The first 7" was recorded by this guy Dan St. Jakes who sings in Landed and plays bass in The Onlyville Sound System. He was this guy who lit himself on fire at some point. There was this one classic Landed, Drop Dead, Men's Recovery, Forcefield show where Dan St. Jakes lit the whole top half of his body on fire.

**Jesus Christ! With white gas or what?**

He covered himself with Vaseline, and then... I don't know what the [fuel] was, but it was kind of a classic point in Providence's like, "Oh my god! This place has really gone too far." That was kind of the height of when it really felt like there was a lot of bands and a lot of crazy shit was going on. Landed opened up and Lightning Bolt didn't play—this was probably about two, two and a half years ago, I'm not sure—and Landed opened up, and of course Dan St. Jakes comes running out and he's on fire, the whole top half of his body is on fire. Actually he burned his lips off, he really fucked himself up. The second band was Forcefield which at that point was just two people: it was like a Moog and a lot of oscillators and just weird noise stuff and they had a scooter parked outside with a pipe and like a weird plastic tube coming in that was pouring carbon monoxide into the club—that was the second act. The third act was Men's Recovery Project who was actually kind of the tamest thing of the night: they just played their weird stuff, they just had a show. And then the fourth thing was Drop Dead, and Drop Dead decided they were going to burn the stage down that night so [the area] under the stage got lit on fire by them. And that was the show. I mean, I felt competitive with Dan St. Jakes and Landed, 'cause I was like, "Fuck! They're so much crazier than us!" Landed always had people like running around, sort of like Black Dice, you know, the singer just tears out and kicks the first person in the nuts, the first person they can get to. I was always pissed 'cause "I play the goddamn drums and I'm trapped back here," and Lightning Bolt is just the two of us and we don't have the crazy...

**But I heard you do back flips and shit, and you will jump off of the other Brian's bass rig and land on your drum stool and start playing the beat immediately.**

Well, I try. I'm just like, "I can try to be the drummer and I can try and be the front man." I don't know, I just get psyched, and I understand that shows have to have a visual element. And I think that's another thing about Providence is that people understand that. I mean, people just get bored.... That's what's exciting out of Providence, and some other bands felt like me, music's important, it's really important, but the truth is with us, with Fort Thunder and Lightning Bolt, music and just they way we're living, it's still the same way. Everyone from Fort Thunder is, actually. I'm living in the attic of this house which doesn't have any water or electricity, and I'm psyched about it. One of the other Fort Thunder guys, he went into this weird plot of woods and he was trying to build his own weird little house. Everyone kind of refuses: we're just not gonna do things the way you're supposed to do things. I'm not gonna move into like a regular house, which of course is really frustrating now, but like I'm still not gonna do it. Somehow I'm gonna find someplace where we can do what we want to do: build our own weird little places again, and play all night. I mean, Fort Thunder's never been a drug-based thing, we're not gonna have like crazy drug things going on, but that's also, I mean, I don't know, anything goes. And I feel like that's another thing: we're not based just on music, which is also why the shows can be exciting. Music can be abandoned to make the whole experience more exciting, if it has to be.

**Were you guys just recording some more stuff?**

Yeah, we just got back from tour and we recorded about five or six songs, which actually totaled a lot of time. And it's either gonna be a new release or it's gonna be part of a new release, we haven't figured it out yet. And we did it with [Achenbach] again, and I'm psyched. And just getting back to your question earlier: "Does the record capture the live?" It doesn't really, it can't quite... just 'cause seeing us play is something that you just can't get from listening.

**I've read that you're an improv band, but on that record there's some phenomenal linkage between the bass and the drums going on there.**

Yeah, that was really heavily rehearsed, and that was stuff we'd been playing for awhile, and we were gonna record a record like in '98 or something, and then we had this sort of... we fell apart 'cause the other Brian had blown up so much stuff and he'd basically run out of money, and this was like '98 in the summer. I woke up one morning and there was a note on my door, "Brian. I'm gone," like basically he had just moved to New York. We had two more shows coming up and he owed money, like he'd blown up other people's stuff and he just moved away, he moved away for like nine months. So we didn't record this record that we were gonna do, but we had a bunch of songs then, and then he eventually came back—he had worked for this artist in New York named Saul Le Witt—and he'd made like $10,000, Brian had. He came back and he was like, "I want to try this again." So then he came back and then we had a few new songs and we had all these old songs left over. It was a lot of time. It was over the span of a few years that all those songs were created.

**What about this bass rig? Has he got one now that won't explode every two shows?**

Not even. We've been having as many problems as ever. Like, it started blowing up all these speakers too at the end of the tour—I think it went through 8 or 10 or maybe even more of these 10 or 12 inch speakers. So it was just like a downward spiral at the end of the tour. The last couple shows we were renting amps and speakers.... What everyone says is like, "You need to get twice as many speakers and not turn everything up as loud."

**But that's no fun. That's where the sound comes from, when you're pushing things.**

Yeah, that overblownness. Yeah, I think the blowing up stuff, you know, we can try to keep it as low as we can, but it does have something to do [with our sound], you know, it's a little bit important.

**Yeah, just from the recording, you can tell that that bass sound is jumping from that thing, it's just so hot.**

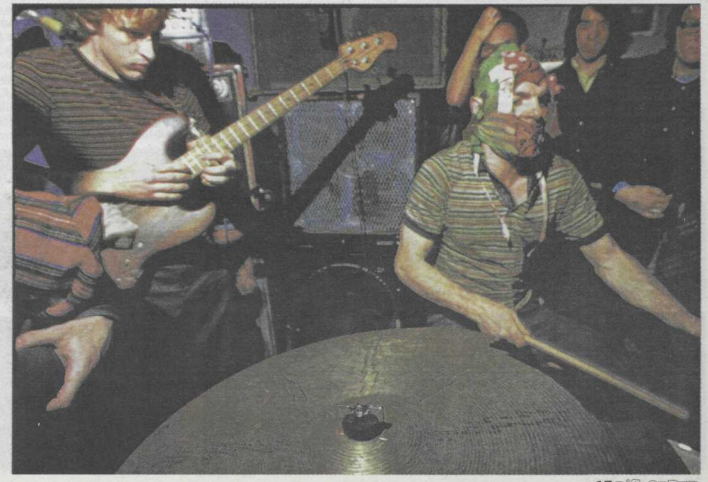
Yeah, it'll definitely knock you over if you get too close. I've made the mistake of like shoving my head in front of it without earplugs before and having my eyes cross and getting dizzy.

**Anything else you want to mention about the duo?**

You can say something about if anyone wants to buy Lightning Bolt a building in Providence, Rhode Island, we will make something wonderful out of it. •

*Discography at www.loadrecords.com and check out www.fortthunder.org.*

**By Steve DiPasquale**



# buck 65

by Sam Macklin

Just recently, moments of much needed introspection have started to crop up sporadically amongst the pneumatic hoochie mommas and ostentatious pimp daddies of MuchMusic's rap programming. A song with the misleadingly jokey title "Pants on Fire" has started making occasional appearances, creating disconcerting interludes of bleak pathos to break up the formerly endless stream of bad attitudes and bragging. A snail's-pace beat crawls into earshot preparing the ground upon which a dry, deadpan rap lays down a numbing tale of break-up bitterness. Meanwhile the "star" of the piece ambles around an under-lit urban every-place, wearing non-descript clothes and a look of hunted pensiveness. It's a perfect introduction to the unusual, but increasingly public, world of Buck 65.

Buck, or "Rich" as he invited your humble correspondent to call him during our disappointingly impersonal email exchange, is perhaps the best known hip hop artist to emerge from Halifax, Nova Scotia's vibrant scene over the past decade. He summarizes his Eastern Canadian origins like this: "I've been on the radio in Halifax since 1989 (CKDU), preaching my old-school ass manifesto. I guess people listened because a lot of the young kids coming up have a good code of ethics. Plus I put a lot of people on—playing their demos and having them on to freestyle. There was even this blind Muslim guy that would come up and read his rhymes [from] Braille live on air. It was ill."

Most significantly for today's indie hip hop heads, Rich hooked up with an MC named SixToo to form the group Sebutones, whose astonishing *50/50 Where it Counts* LP was at the frontline of an aesthetic revolution in underground rap music. Beginning with a disconcerting excursion into sampledelic abstraction, the album goes on to reach levels of lyrical anxiety still rarely matched elsewhere.

*50/50* reeks of outsider isolation and yet a number of posses across North America were coming to similar conclusions at the same time. These included Ozone Music (Mike Ladd, Cannibal Ox, Sonic Sum) in New York, Rhyme Sayers (Atmosphere) in Minnesota and—most famously—Anticon (Sole, Dose One), a loose conglomerate of Suburbanite oddballs who found their spiritual home in bohemian San Francisco.

If there was a common thread running through albums like *50/50*, Sonic Sum's *The Sanity Annexe*, Atmosphere's *Overcast* and Sole's *Bottle of Humans*, it was this: redemption through hip hop. Rap music is normally portrayed as, and assumed to be, a negative influence on young people. And yet, for many, the associated culture has provided something to believe in while the musical form has been an object lesson in combining discipline with open mindedness.

This is a theme that runs very deep in Rich's heart, as he explains: "Hip hop has taught me how to be open minded. As a producer, I've had to be open to listening to all kinds of music to find breaks and so on. Through that process I kept my mind open with things like books, films—all kinds of art. Hip hop has taught me a lot, generally. Politics. People skills. All about the world…"

For people like Rich, hip hop is not a lifestyle accessory or a means of adolescent rebellion but a guiding principle and a source of therapy. Indeed, this therapeutic aspect of rap music is one that Buck 65 has accentuated and pioneered, perhaps more than any other artist has. His latest album *Man Overboard*—released, appropriately enough, by Anticon—is a *tour de force* of emotive beat science. Produced and written by the man himself, and housed in enigmatically sparse cover art, it presents a thorough baring of Rich's soul—revealing bereavement, bad love and—of course—the redemptive powers of hip hop.

"Hip hop has taught me how to be open-minded. As a producer, I've had to be open to listening to all kinds of music to find breaks and so on. Through that process I kept my mind open with things like books, films—all kinds of art. Hip hop has taught me a lot, generally. Politics. People skills. All about the world…"

Though as evasive in his answers as any sensitive musician, Rich has no problem confessing to the autobiographical nature of his work. "I think personal is good," he says, "People connect with personal." However, he's more cautious on the question of whether he helped to bring angst-ridden MCing into vogue. "I've never considered that I could be in any part responsible for a trend," he pleads, "Maybe people are just feeling and responding to the same things as I am."

The principle here is one that rappers often pay lip service to but rarely follow through on. In mainstream rap, the guiding mantra of "keeping it real" means little more than conforming to a set of social standards and expectations. To many underground rap fanatics it means simply this: honesty. Rich displays few of the social or stylistic airs that would mark him out as a true head, but his love of hip hop culture can't help but become apparent because it's so deeply rooted in everything that he is and does. "All I know how to do is be myself. I can't help it," he states. "And when I see people pretend to be something else, it makes me sick. I love who I am."

These last comments relate to something yours truly has argued previously within these pages: that the apparent, and oft-criticized,

"I'm honestly not trying to push the envelope. I just want to express myself as effectively as I can, which I guess is sorta like keeping it real."

"artiness" of contemporary underground hip hop is nothing of the sort. Instead it seems to this writer that indie-rap's tendency towards self-conscious wordiness and abstraction is merely the natural expression of people whose lives are steeped in hip hop culture. Words such as "honesty" and "natural" may not hold much currency in the post-modern marketplace but work that other critics consider contrived and clever-clever seems disarmingly *artless* to me. The apparently angular complexity of today's beats-and-rhymes avant garde in fact manifests the entirely necessary expressionism of a community comprising various, admittedly intelligent and thoughtful, individuals. Sole summed it up with characteristic wit in a recent lyric: "Crying is experimental/Babies are geniuses." Or as Rich puts it: "I'm honestly not trying to push the envelope. I just want to express myself as effectively as I can, which I guess is sorta like keeping it real."

Yes, it's old fashioned, and maybe unrealistic, to suggest that art just flows unforced from the artist/vessel, but acknowledging this view of creativity is still fundamental to any real understanding of the music. It's also one that Rich seems particularly keen on. "It all happens in my sleep," he claims, in reference to his production methods, "I wake up some mornings, all my gear is on, I hit play on the sequencer and there it is. I don't know where it comes from, but I like it. There will usually be a little yellow Post-It note stuck to the sampler or something saying something like '…this one's for the such-and-such song… xoxo Rich.' It's cute."

Of course art is, in some senses, *all about* contrivance. It's easy for rappers to avoid this fact until placed in the live arena. That is to say keeping it real (of any definition) doesn't necessarily make for an entertaining show and most live hip hop is as boring as hell. Having said that, some people are born entertainers. In Buck 65's case, the application of a little judicious thought to the standard live rap setting creates an ideal context for simply doing his thing. "If possible, I do most of the show from behind the turntables with the mic in a boom stand," he explains, "I just do what I can to make people smile and stuff. I try to balance the DJing with the MCing because not too many people can do that. I also have sexy dance moves I pull out from time to time. And above all, I like to try to create some intimacy but it's not always easy…"

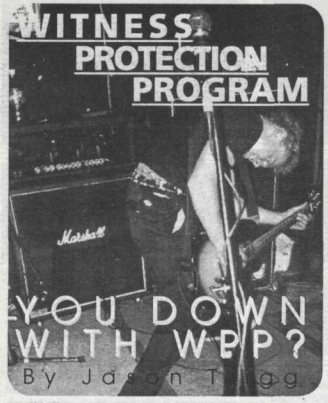
It must be getting easier to get a crowd on his side, though, because people love this guy. Having gained quite a reputation among committed B boys and girls, Buck 65's commercial prospects are increasing rapidly, despite the fact that his recordings have emerged in a baffling array of cassettes, MP3s, CDRs, 12's and import CDs. In fact, if anything, the unconventional way in which these songs come to see the light of day actually seems to help build a buzz around them. Take the unusual genesis of his latest full-length. "*Man Overboard* was made with an SP-1200 and a four-track in 1998 at the end of the year," explains Rich. "It went into an unlocked box and sat there for a long time. A year later, I went to work on another record called *Boy-Girl Fight*. *BGF* wasn't even done when I got a call from SixToo one night telling me that 'Your new shit is on the Internet.' I flipped. I was already pretty heated because *Man Overboard* was already all over the internet. I figured I'd fix all those bastards by scrapping both records and combining them into one super-Frankenstein record! So I did. Yet another year later, it finally came out."

Now the album is finally about to see a domestic release on Sunrise Records, which will mean that the many new Canadian fans Buck 65 is going to garner over the following months and years won't have to shell out for the costly American import. "I saw it today for the first time," Rich comments on the album's Canadian issue, "The new cover sorta looks like a pulp-novel. Maybe I'll take some with me on tour."

Watch out for that one in a venue near you, but be warned, a former Halifax resident informs *DiSCORDER* that women tend to swoon at this fellow's feet. You might want to lock up your daughters/girlfriends/impressionable pals before this girl magnet hits town. Just joking. "I'm not putting that energy out there at all," insists Rich, "I have the coolest girlfriend on earth: Jenn. She's super-human. The rest of the world is a pale backdrop behind her. She's dope."

The other love of Rich's life is—naturally—music, but he isn't the straight-up rap addict you might expect. "I hardly listen to hip hop at all anymore," he claims, "Just old stuff from time to time. I listen to everything. But for pure enjoyment, lately it's been Simon and Garfunkel, Lucinda Williams, Tom Waits, always a lot of Miles. I could go on… I listen to music all day long."

And I could keep telling you my thoughts and theories about *Man Overboard* and the fellow behind it for the rest of this magazine. But I'm not sure it really needs that kind of publicity. Something tells me that this unassuming hip hop star is going to be interrupting the steady stream of MuchMusic's jiggy-ass video flow more and more in the immediate future. Be prepared for heavy outbreaks of honesty. •



*I first saw the Witness Protection Program when they performed at Shindig!last year, where the energy of their set completely blew me away. They play their own brand of heavy, post-hardcore rock 'n' roll that bulges with the soul and fury that sets true punk apart from the imitators. I sat down inside a toy castle in the children's section of a bookstore with two-fifths of the WPP to try to gain some insight into how they rock so hard. We ended up discussing Fugazi, bloody guitars, and Bob Saget.*

**DISCORDER: You played Shindig! last year and made it to the semi-finals. Did Shindig! change your lives? Your band? Did it mean nothing whatsoever?**

**Ryan** (guitar, vocals): I enjoyed the guy that heckled in the back for every band.

**Steve** (bass, vocals): Good kid.

**Ryan**: Other than that I don't know if it was much of an effect.

**How did playing for an audience that actually submits its comments to you differ from your regular shows?**

**Ryan**: I liked the comments.

**Steve**: I never really noticed, so it doesn't make any difference to me.

**Ryan**: I think we're going to start, at all of our shows, handing out pieces of paper and people will give us comments after the show.

**Steve**: I guess that would be better. People usually just stand there with their mouths open when we're playing.

**Ryan**: Pointing.

**Steve**: Laughing.

**They don't even dance?**

**Steve**: Hardly any dancing.

**Ryan**: Sometimes they're frightened of Steve. Any movement is spent getting out of the way of Steve.

**Why is your name the Witness Protection Program? [Because of] The Steve Martin movie *My Blue Heaven*, or is it just a name?**

**Ryan**: Just a name.

**Do you think you would testify against suspected felons in return for immunity? Would the band?**

**Ryan**: We're not allowed to say.

**Steve**: No comment.

**Your current CD is called *The Revolution That Never Was and Never Will Be*. What's that supposed to mean, are you revolutionaries?**

**Steve**: No, no, no.

**Ryan**: The truth be told, a lot of bands like to speak out about their beliefs and everything, and I guess our band either all have different beliefs, or just our own beliefs, but we don't talk about it. We're not trying to say anything, we're just trying to have a good time and help other people have a good time, I guess. So the revolution that never was and never will be is just our way of saying you can do want you want, we don't care. Lots of times, because we play aggressive music, people think we're up there trying to spread a message, but if you read into our lyrics you can notice that they're more or less us telling silly stories.

**Even if someone doesn't like your music I could still see them being impressed by the energy of your live show. What makes you want to scream and sweat so much when you're on stage?**

**Steve**: Mostly it's really boring to not.

**Ryan**: Me and Steve have always played in bands that, from the very first time we played a show, jump around, we just go off.

**Is it harder to play your instruments when you're jumping around?**

**Ryan**: Used to be, but you have to practice in your bedroom.

**And write jumping-around oriented music?**

**Ryan**: Totally.

**Steve**: Yeah, with lots of pauses. For me, it's way better to watch a band if they look like they're really into it themselves, otherwise I don't know what they expect from anybody else around.

**But you don't find that the crowd itself moves around that much when you play?**

**Ryan**: Every video or photo that we have of a crowd watching us they all either have their mouths open or they're just pointing and smiling. Lots of times it's more like we're just some sort of freak show that everybody's there to see.

**Your website claims that you've not only broken instruments while on tour but body parts as well. Is there truth to that?**

**Ryan**: We have a lot of scars. I have a scar in this ear from Steve beating me over the head with his bass [*points to right ear*].

**Steve**: The pegs on the bass cut his ear.

**Ryan**: There was blood, but the show's got to go on.

**Ever get blood on the guitars?**

**Steve**: Oh yeah. Our strumming hand just gets wrecked, so there's cuts that just seem to reopen every time. Especially on the road.

**Ryan**: In Idaho I got this scar here [*points to arm*] and the cymbal hit me in the nuts. That hurt.

**Ouch. Broken bones?**

**Ryan**: None that we've actually been hospitalized for. We just walk it off.

**Steve**: Mostly just cuts.

**Ryan**: Nothing duct tape won't heal.

**You've toured quite a bit. What places have you found to be the most responsive? Or the least?**

**Ryan**: I always like going to Alberta. For some reason our shows there are really good.

**Steve**: Same with Winnipeg.

**Ryan**: Yeah, the two shows we played in Winnipeg were good.

**Did you headline?**

**Ryan**: No, we played with Fugazi in Winnipeg. Yeah, we headlined over Fugazi, they opened for us, it was great.

**Did you get to hang with Fugazi? Nice guys?**

**Steve**: Super nice guys.

**Ryan**: We're huge Fugazi fans. It was rad, just to be able to see them play and then to be on the bill and hang out with them as well.

**Steve**: The most impressive thing about them is they practice what they preach. Like, they'll load everything themselves, and they're just in a minivan, not some tour bus or crap like that. They're just normal guys who come up and introduce themselves.

**Ryan**: We already knew who they were, their names and everything.

**Like, "Hi, my name's Ian."**

**Ryan**: Yeah, that's totally what happened, too. We're hanging out and he's like, "Hey, I'm Ian" and I'm like yeah, no shit. It was cool. In terms of bad shows, nothing really stands out.

**Ever been really heckled or anything?**

**Ryan**: I think a lot of people get the wrong impression of us when we play, they'll think we're really mean, aggressive guys. But it's more of an inside joke to us, everything like that.

**Have you ever ended up in any really mis-billed shows where that especially happens?**

**Steve**: This one time…

**Ryan**: Pennsylvania.

**Steve**: We played in Harrisburg. I think the loudest person those people had ever heard was like DC Talk or something.

**Ryan**: It was a tour where a lot of our shows were getting cancelled, so we were just kind of taking what we could get. We ran into this band called the Calicos, this rockabilly band, and they said we could get on one of their shows. So we show up at venue and it's this underground Christian coffee house. It was pretty sketchy for us to be there. Before the show the Calicos guys come up and they're like, "You guys are going to have to turn your amps down real quiet" because there's all these middle-aged parents with their kids running around. So we're like, "We can do this." They were going to pay us really well. You have to make sacrifices. So we turned our amps down and played our whole set, with all of our songs half as slow as they normally are.

**Did you still scream?**

**Ryan**: No, we were singing through it all, backing vocals and everything. And then the last song we decided we were going to play the song how we normally would. And then we got shut down.

**You didn't make it through the whole song?**

**Steve**: I don't think so.

**Ryan**: Pretty close. That was a mis-billed show.

**Did you manage to sell anything there?**

**Ryan**: There [were] two kids that felt bad for us because they understood that we shouldn't have been playing that show. They bought stuff.

**What's up with the song called "Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen"? Are you big *Full House* fans? Do you think that Bob Saget is a funny man?**

**Steve**: I don't know about Bob Saget.

**Ryan**: I can tell you a story about Bob Saget. A guy at my work was at this film festival party, and then he went to this after-hours party and Bob Saget was there, snorting cocaine. I know, I almost cried when I heard that. Come on, think about the twins!

**Have you seen *Dirty Work*? He actually directed that.**

**Steve**: Really?

**Ryan**: I think Bob Saget's a pretty funny guy, you can't judge him off *America's Funniest Home Videos*.

**So is the song title just a non-sequitur, no reference whatsoever?**

**Ryan**: One thing about us is the way we title our songs. We'll write the music, we'll title the song, and then we'll write the lyrics. A lot of times our titles will evolve into something else. I think that one started off as something about Uncle Jesse and then we made it into Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen. Actually when our CD was coming out the guy that put it out in the States didn't want us to put that song on it.

**In case their vast corporate empire comes after you?**

**Ryan**: Yeah. But I figured, if they sued us that would rule.

**Steve**: We'd have no problem with that.

**What does the band have against vinyl? Too much of a hassle to put out?**

**Ryan**: We would love to put something out on vinyl.

**Steve**: I guess we haven't had the opportunity.

**Ryan**: Our next release is hopefully going to be a 7" and a 3" disc. But it all depends on… there's no way we have enough money to do something like that.

**What's the deal with your record store? Is it going to be a full-blown establishment?**

**Ryan**: Full blown, it opens on October 1st. I'll have everything there, vinyl, CDs.

**What's it called?**

**Ryan**: Teenage Rampage, 19 East Broadway. Right below Funhouse Tattoos.

**What band is ruling Vancouver right now for you guys?**

**Steve**: I have no idea. Even if there was one I wouldn't know.

**Ryan**: I'd say Three Inches of Blood. They're going to win Shindig!. That light show. We should get a light show.

**Steve**: It's a done deal.

**Ryan**: We're going to get a light show.

**Any other short term plans for the band? Upcoming shows, tours?**

**Ryan**: We're playing at the Cobalt with Trail Vs. Russia next Saturday [September 29th]. And then the Langley civic centre on the 19th of October. •

*Check out the Witness Protection Program's website at www.listen.to/wpp. Go see them at the Cobalt. Try to make them feel better by dancing a little.*

# PREFUSE 73

## Peanut Butter + Chocolate = Scott Harren

By Robert Robot  Illustration by Scott Chalmers

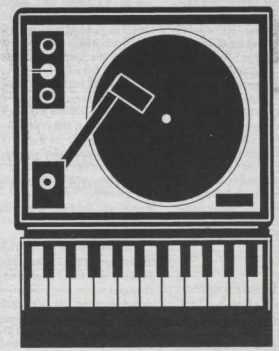
Hip hop and electronic music go together like peanut butter and chocolate. We all know the two forms share like beginnings, but they have for the most part evolved differently. When the art forms collide, often the finished sound is like some peanut butter with electro treatments (à la Roots Manuva) or some chocolate with MCing on top (à la Kool Keith with the Prodigy). A fan of both genres, I haven't found an artist who embraced the two equally until I discovered the music of Scott Harren. Harren, aka Prefuse 73, is truly unique. His first releases under the names Delarosa & Asora and Savath & Savalas were released by Schematic and Hefty records to name a few and were generally categorized as (sorry) IDM. A few months back, Prefuse 73 released a follow-up album to his *Estrocaro* EP on Warp records called *Vocal Studies and Uprock Narratives*. Under the name Prefuse 73, Harren has incorporated the "southern style of hip hop in which the music scene in Atlanta is based on" into his already tried-and-true methods of music making.

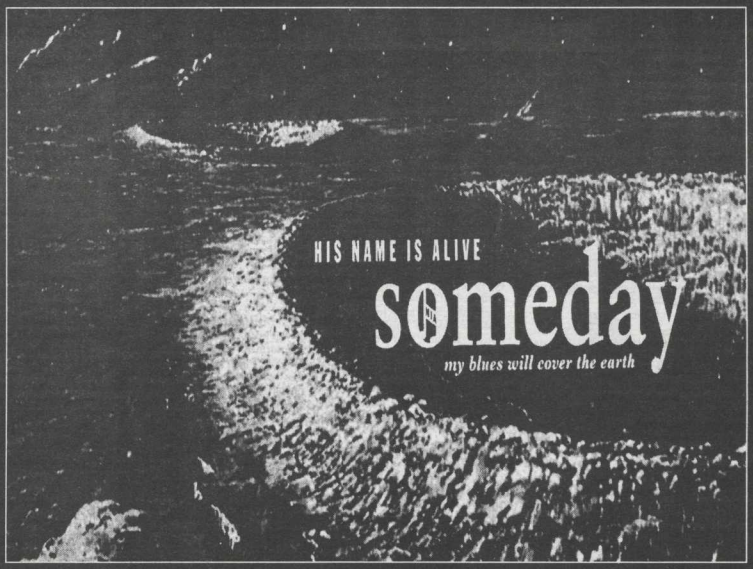
Hailing from Atlanta, a city that has fostered the likes of Outcast, T-Roc, DJ Faust and others, 26 year old Harren comes off as more hip hop than electronic. Over the phone I asked Harren what his newest album sounds like: "To me it's hip hop, even though it is different than your standard hip hop instrumental track."

With hip hop heavy weights like MF Doom, Aesop Rock, Mikah Nine, and Dose One providing vocals, one wants to call *Vocal Studies and Uprock Narratives* hip hop. But electronica makes its presence known on this release. Harren cuts up and fragmentizes the vocals; lyrics remain intelligible, although the samples often splice syllables down the middle. What is left is a phoneme that imparts as much mood as it does lyrical information, a sound that combines programmed hip hop beats with vocals used as accompanying beat, never letting the listener get too used to a rhythm and thus keeping the audience's attention. The album is smooth, with not many high or low-end sounds, perfect for introspective listening or as a wallpaper-like soundtrack to everyday life.

More a fan of Broadcast than the electronic side of Warp records, Harren is actively avoiding being pigeon-holed. His next single, Harren tells me, will be much different from his *Uprock Narratives* album. Adding further to Harren's unclassifiable nature, he recently finished a tour with Nobukazu Takemura and Tortoise and is friends with Sam Prekop of the Sea and Cake—who also makes an appearance on the album.

Having only been to Canada for the first time recently, Harren has toured extensively in Europe and the excited States. Unlike so many disappointing hip hop acts, Harren tours with a full band, allowing each member to bring something new to each show. "I can't just DJ or play with my laptop, I have to do something in real time or else I feel like I've ripped everyone in the room off," he says. Whether Harren's music can be described as post-hip hop, a post-modern hybrid, or even illbient is irrelevant. Any recording where styles and influences are seamlessly incorporated with such mastery as to make peanut butter and chocolate seem like the most natural of combinations has got to be shit hot. •

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# under review

## recorded media

**ALSACE LORRAINE**
***Through Small Windows***
**(Darla)**
This album definitely grows on me. Not because it reminds me of the rolling fields of France—to which this band owes their name—fresh cheese or baguette, or the smell of tilleuil and lavender, but perhaps like a good wine it saturates the blood, flowing its warmth through the body, lulling away the day's edge. This wine would be light and fruity, just like **Alsace Lorraine**'s airy soft melodies, floating, vocalist Caitlin Brices's breezy voice, the accompaniment of piano and guitars. It is summer music, music you might expect to hear streaming from open windows—perhaps this, the origin of the name of the album—as you pass by in the sunny world; space music even, and maybe not quite Provence, but we can dream.

*Cato*

**THE BUTTLESS CHAPS**
***Death Scenes I II III***
**(Lonesome Cowboy Music)**
It's the devil's face laughing at me, he thought, staring blankly at the twisted, half dead cactus. The loss of blood was making him see things. Billy sort of crawled his way—by meagrely grasping the ground with his bloody hands and elbows, dragging his now useless paralysed legs behind him—along the sandy dirt below the unrelenting fireball in the sky that was normally the sun. He had no real idea why, but he was trying for the rolling stream ahead of him...his last resort, perhaps. He had been the quickest draw in the county—until the new sheriff rolled into town, that is. The rest of Billy's posse were now in jail or six feet under. He had holed himself up in a ranch at the far north end of town, by the casket maker's shoppe. It was a shame he had to kill the ranch's proprietor, but he and his ranch hands weren't about to let Billy take the ranch without a fight. Cattle rustlers had been a real problem lately, and the poor saps saw Billy, a lowly cow stealer, and gave him guff. The sheriff was gonna hafta kill him before he'd ever go willingly behind bars. Besides, there were lots of good places to mount a single-man ambush around these paddocks. Somehow, the sheriff had managed to get around the back of the paddock Billy was hiding in and told him to drop his gun and give hisself up. Billy didn't ever "give hisself up." Billy spun around to face the sheriff, who was about ten lengths away from him. He drew his sidearm, aimed and fired in one fluid motion. There was no mistaking it though, Billy had heard a shot go off before he even finished pulling his trigger. The bullet lodged deep in his stomach. The pierce of cold metal was foreign to him. "Shee-it." Billy fell to his knees and stared into the gun smoke from his shot. His sudden light-headedness made it impossible for him to keep the grip on his six-shooter. It fell silently from his sweaty hand to the hay pile at his feet. The smoke cleared to reveal the sheriff *was* the quickest shot in town. Billy had managed to get him in the neck. Pierced him just so he was dead even before his haystack of a body hit the ground. Billy liked it when he got 'em in the neck—it produced the biggest puddle, next to being shot in the stomach, of course.

Billy had to get patched up. This wasn't good. He imagined Becky's soft face. Everything changed when she was murdered. Human life held little value, no meaning for quite some time. He now sought joy in others' pain—but *he* saw it as revenge. Chances were eventually he'd get the sonufabitch who done it. Maybe it was better now if he just went and died quietly. After all, now he was gonna join her in heaven....Billy was feet away from the cool water when things started going fuzzy. He suddenly felt cold. Then hot again. He struggled to look back to where the sheriff lay in a heap, face first in a cowpie, down by the paddock gate. Billy saw the meandering deep red trail he'd left behind him. He didn't want to keep going, but somehow the water seemed more important—perhaps somethin' that could clean him, quench him, heal him. Billy was parched. Blasted, unrelenting sun. He wished he were one of them es-kee-mos he'd heard about, in that place with them ee-gloos. Billy looked up at the sky to curse the sun. He must have been really out of it by then. He swore he could see a glittery ball suspending from the sky where the sun used to be, casting beams of light into his face, shining off the water, creating little puddles of moving light on the sandy ground. Was this the good Lord's idea of a joke? Billy gasped, "Damn you," waving his limp, blood-soaked fist in the air just as the blood foamed up in his mouth and he collapsed to his stomach, face first in the water. A vulture landed on his back...

*Spike*

**DA BEATMINERZ**
***Brace 4 Impak***
**(Rawkus / Virgin)**
Da cute little **Beatminerz** have surfaced like the Doozers from *Fraggle Rock* and are still building a name for themselves. Now on the Virgin-affiliated Rawkus records, Da Beatminerz have always stayed low key, like sea shells lacing **Black Moon**'s classic *Enta Da Stage* and joints for Duck Down records. However, the accomplishments of Da Minerz—a five-man clique consisting of Evil Dee, Mr.Walt, Baby Paul, Rich Blak, and Chocolate Ty—never really gained them the notoriety that a platinum hit with **Jay-Z** might have led to. On their debut *Brace 4 Impak*, the MC roster includes the underground's finest such as **Jean Grae** and **Apani B Fly** who stand out like erect nipples on "Shut the Fuck Up!" With appearances by **Naughty by Nature** and **The Flipmode Squad**, the line separating "commercial" and "underground" is blurred. As producers, Da Beatminerz focus on the beats (the liner notes even list which samplers were used for each track) and the lyrics sometimes fall into the shallow end of the MC pool. On "Hustler's Theme," The Last Emperor's typical thug life verse doesn't quite live up to the high energy of the beat. "Bentlys and Bitch's" chorus becomes repetitive and braggadocio. The gritty groove of "How We Ride," feat. **Heather B** and **Freddie Foxxx**, comes as a surprise seeing as Foxxx has a history of knocking female Emcees. With the rhyme "I'd rather bounce to Jerz and rock with Heather B than fuck with fake ass niggaz that ain't like B." He proves that even the slyist stone crazy cats have a soft spot for a female who can spit fire. Even though this album is lyrically lopsided, the Beatminerz level things out with their ability to dig up gem quality beats.

*Momo*

**DJ NIGHTMARE**
***S/T***
**(Five Kingdom)**
Out of nowhere—Vancouver—**Jason Cushing** aka **DJ Nightmare** has constructed a post-apocalyptic broken beat manifesto that encompasses drone-laden howl-scapes, acoustic riff- driven hip-hop beats, psychotic effects-processed record scratching and wailing violin squalls. Suspected samples from cult classic **THX 1138** hide among the noise and experimentalism of a music that one would expect usually of a large, sky-scraper laden city with dark streets and pale citizens. The dirt seeps from the disk and settles into the grit of the fingernails where repeated washings only rub the skin from the hands, drawing blood. The work is partially reminiscent of Vancouver's **Mediacore** collective—if they enjoyed hip-hop—and definitely sips tea with **Coingutter**, and on a larger scale close cousins include **Lustmord** and **DJ Shadow**. A family destined to crumble under its own dismal appreciation of the depressive nature of being fucked over in a small box, Nightmare breaks open the dreams that many of us are having these days: nuclear war, anthrax, and men in white suits.

*tobias*

**GAVIN FROOME**
***Post + Beam***
**(Nordic Trax)**
Deep warm jazz dub house and controlled sparse open: as I sit and listen and watch to a world of madness, Gavin's album roots me to a melancholy rarely heard in today's beat-and-drinks driven house scene. Sitting and reflecting through my ears, I am attuned to a talent and a musical beauty that sifts time through sounds, deep basslines awash with no particular angst that carry me through reveries and remembrances. When you hear poetry, when it filters through the shells fortified everyday in the ceaseless protection of the fragile human ego, it begs a response of the same. **Gavin Froome**, native Vancouverite, has returned with an album for the listener that does not ignore the feet. An album that spawns the dancefloor and the armchair and the discerning house and techno DJ alike. Emotional, complex, jazzy, downtempo, yet also at points thumping, Gavin's album is deserving of some true musical praise for its breadth and what it risks. For whenever electronic music steps out onto that limb where it claims to be what traditionalists call "music"—representative of some facet of universal humanity—it risks coming off either as pretentious or as a cheap mimicry of some other "established" genre, such as jazz or funk. Such is not the case with Mr. Froome. This is deep house music, and Gavin Froome has reinvented it all over again.

*tobias v*

**HEFNER**
***Dead Media***
**(Too Pure)**
At first, listening to the new **Hefner** album was amusing. How does one react to fifteen different keyboards and vocal effects that would make Simon Le Bon blush. What the hell were they thinking? Was this the kind of desperate material that **Darren Hyman** was resorting to after putting out five records in as many years? But then it started to sink in: gold, gold, gold. This process is best illustrated by my friend the Ate-Dog (so named for one of his nastier habits), who had this senseless aversion to eggplant. Then one night I snuck some of the purple goodness into this dip and he thought it was boss. Then two nights later, he ordered some of it in his "Beirut Surprise" and within a week he was breading the Italian variety in his very own kitchen. My senseless aversion to 15 different keyboards was overcome thanks to first-person narratives about the fourth man on the moon and how he quit space for art (depicting space) and a song fittingly called "When the Angels Play Their Drum Machines." Then I heard the aged voice of auxiliary player **Jack Hayter** laying down words like pauper and grubby in that thick English accent and then they sampled **Amelia Fletcher**'s voice in this absurdly suggestive way and then the JUNO-106 got good and the Roland SH-1 was tolerably musical and then it was gold and funny.

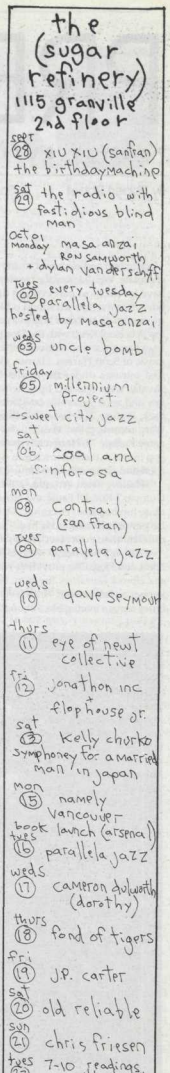
*Randal Mindell*

**THE HISSYFITS**
***Letters from Frank***
**(Top Quality Rock and Roll)**
This album packs a strong punch in a fake-fur glove. It is an accurate description of relationships gone awry, the women who live them, feel them and gather up the courage to finally leave them. In the span of the album the music is somewhat redundant, but I have a feeling that's intentional. It's by no means boring, and the harmonies **of The Hissyfits** are pure genius. The opening track "Something Wrong," sets the mood for the rest of the album with haunting lyrics irrationally imposed on catchy melody. My personal favourite is the deceptively sweet "Doin' fine," because of the fabulous **Lou Reed** impression by Princess. This is possibly one of the best chick-rock albums to appear on the indie scene in a long time.

*Rana E*

**DANIEL JOHNSTON**
***Rejected Unknown***
**(Gammon)**
My friend **Daniel** is back again, maybe you know him from the *Kids* soundtrack. This time he has made something that I actually enjoy. The last effort, *Fun*, lost all charm that Daniel once had through gross over production. Although *Rejected Unknown* is far from lo-fi, it was recorded in Daniel's garage. It preserves the awkward schizophrenic cleverness that fueled his past recordings. Brian Beattie provides a wonderful pop soundtrack to the madness. Plus it is chock full of Daniel's art. Well done.

*Jay Douillard*



**PERNICE BROTHERS**
*The World Won't End*
**(Ashmont)**
This record furthers a style that rests upon a songwriter allowing realism in voice and lyric narrative, to follow parallel with elegant and biting pop melodies. With inherent honesty and beautiful phrasings Joe Pernice chronicles the simplicity of relationships and the awkward complexities of the individual. His talented backing bad (including his brother) work as a coherent and slick transmitter to his rather tainted pop masterpieces. It can really catch you off guard how genuinely good this music makes you feel, all the while the blistering sentiments of songs like "7:30" and "Bryte Side" snap and rip at your heart. Pernice is a unique artist more so for his words than for his music (which by no means lacks style or range), but his writing is brilliant in its imagery and proclamations with lines like "I was all right. Sitting stoned like a jewel-eyed baby" and "Throat open to the cut of the winter, if only just to feel alive." Few bands and/or singer songwriters can offer seraphic tunes and true-blue poetics to the listener, but the **Pernice Brothers** have most definitely produced a work that balances that act.

*Sterling Riots*

**ROOTS MANUVA**
*Run Come Save Me*
**(Big Dada)**
**V/A**
*Big Dada Compilation*
**(Big Dada)**
**POETS OF RHYTHM**
*Discern/Define*
**(Quannum)**
If you purchase only three albums during the rest of your life, here they are! For starters: son of a preacher man Rodney returns with his second full length LP which is just as fabulous and groundbreaking as [illegible] and his debut EP *Juggle Things Proper*. It's so Fucking A!!! Once you have bought the album and listened to it and masturbated with joy check out the hilarious video for "Witness the Fitness" at ninjatune.com. For fans of the aforementioned **Roots Manuva** comes another splendid piece o' wax featuring **Roots** and his collegues at UK underground hip hop imprint Big Dada. From the madcap spasms of frenchy rappers TTC, to the trip hop sensuousness of cLOUDDEAD, to the sexy aggression of **Ty**, this record is bound to please even the most jaded underground hip hop fanatic. It is immediately apparent that many of the MCs have been influenced by the Manuva Man's sound, however each MC retains an individuality which saves them from being wack copycats. A fabulous record, I like it thank-you. From a different Ninja Tune subsidary label (Quannum) comes the fabulous North American debut of Germany's **Poets of Rhythm**. Previous Poets offerings can be found on various compilations, including one of my favourite tracks for two years running, "I've Changed My Mind" which features **Lyrics Born** and is included on the Quannum Spectrum sampler, so I was delighted to read in the liner notes that Lyrics Born produced *Discern/Define*. I thought the record would be a bit more bombastic with Lyrics at the helm, but the opposite occurred. At first I was a bit stunned as to how mellow the album is, however after repeated listening, I realized that the Poets are after a brand of modern funk that's truly modern. For the most part, they avoid rehashing old grooves (a habit that many modern funk bands subsist on) and on some tracks they adopt a melancholic downtempo housey feel, almost. Fabulous, phenomenal, funky space grooves from heaven.

*Maren Hancunt*

**TIMEBLIND**
*Rugged Redemption*
**(Orthlong Musork)**
The first time I met **Chris Sattinger** (Timeblind)—in San Franscisco in 2000—I was munching on sandwiches and recording what was to become an "interview" with everyone sitting around—**Kit Clayton, Sutekh, Safety Scissors**—in *DiSCORDER*. It was Sattinger who, despite the comedy duo of Joshua and Seth, interjected priceless comments at the perfect time; and at the time I had just just heard Sattinger's experimental noise n' beats "Bloatware" EP on Orthlong Musork, which blew the rest of SF's experimental noise-techno out of the water save for perhaps **Blectum from Blechdom** and some of **Sutekh's** work. *Rugged Redemption*, like Sattinger's comments, intrajects [illegible] warped beyond contention: a Sick Mind Is At Work, and whereas Warp-ed beats sound like Warp, Sattinger sounds like no one save himself, whatever that becomes, and even partial references to the home of the Snauss must now be dropped. "Rastabomba" was dub but at some point became lost between a dj cutting beats and a way stoned rasta; "4 acres, 20 mules" rumps along at a hip hop pace without the "hip" or the "hop"…every track *was* at some point something else that became subsequently perverted—perhaps always so—and torn apart, rehashed: past hip hop, d'n'b, ambient, jazz and even contemporary experimental music, the sounds heard are thick, involved, heavily processed and complex, demanding high processing power. In the back of several techno crates, I have EPs from Sattinger's years as a techno guru on labels like Missile and Synewave. To jump from making hard and atonal techno (as well as some hardcore and ambient projects in the early '90s) to freaked out non-genre "electronic" music is a brave step, and we can all be thankful that labels like Kit Clayton and Sue Costabile's Orthlong Musork are around to distribute sounds that are unpredictable, difficult to classify, and essentially intertwined with an incredibly close attention to the aural world. Sattinger breathes a fierce dedication to charting the junctures between what was then and what becomes now through bold sonic moves that spin the matrix of referential sets, flickering sounds like a poorly lit theatre, singeing neurons that conjure everything from his classical saxophone training to the roots and bulbs of techno, dub, hip hop and drum n' bass.

*lobius v*

**WHISKEYTOWN**
*Pneumonia*
**(Lost Highway)**
An individual of habit is a curious creature, one that will take a very long walk just to get high. I take very long walks. I would stroll through the high grass and canola fields of southern Alberta and watch, as the sun would set over any of the towns I could have been in. I would stand in those fields, headphones pouring. Now I'm back in the city, and now I get high on the roof of my apartment building. Watching the city glow with its own setting sun, I listen to this album from **Whiskeytown.**

To begin with, I heard **Ryan Adams'** solo album, and that was what I listened to in the fields. His album *Heartbreaker* is a horse-sized pill for loneliness. But now Whiskeytown are defunct and disbanded, and at the very least they have given listeners the most eloquent of good-byes. I've been staggered emotionally by this album *Pneumonia*, and I've been haunted lately by dreams of past loves. More than that though—I miss those sunsets in the fields, alone in beauty.

Lock yourself in your room, put Whiskeytown on the hi-fi, and remember whom you've loved. Think of where you come from, maybe where you're going and who's going with you. This is not alternative fucking country music; this is something that's good for the soul. Something that possesses innocence and depth simultaneously, just listen to "Paper Moon" and tell me differently. If you've ever lived in a small town, spend some time with "Jacksonville Skyline," it wanders with imagery that seems sadly familiar. This is music for the working class, and especially the sensitive loner working class.

*Sterling Riots*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# real live action

## live music reviews

**REBECCA GATES**
**ALYSSA RHODES**
**MARK SZABO**
**Wednesday, August 29**
**Starfish Room**

Let's talk arms. **Mark** has slender arms and when they talk they say: "We may be small, but look at the defined tendons in these forearms and you will see that I will try hard and my arms will do a good job playing this standard guitar so that I can sing songs from paper sheets. They will be bitter but will sound sweet when I call up **Marcy** to sing them with me." These arms sound like more than limbs.

But sometimes, limbs for arms are better, as proven by the performance of **Alyssa Rhodes**, who assaulted the petite Wednesday night crowd with some stank songwriting and stankier singing that may have well mimicked the rough sounds coming out of the studio in the years between **Alanis Morissette**'s last dance album and first "rock" album. Her arms helped to strum the backbone to a song that went "why don't the angels sing for me no more." What more needs to be said? Evil weapons!

Speaking of evil weapons: books, unless they are used to produce an Alf slideshow, are always an ominous sign at live shows. Seeing one perched atop the keyboard on the right side of the stage as **Rebecca Gates** came on made me worry. But just looking at her arms should have provided enough reassurance to know the good things coming. Her arms said: "We are firm and graceful and we know what we are doing and we would never waste any ATI."

Better yet, her upright bass player Noel Kupersmith had a river delta's network of veins ripping through his arms. They said: "We are here because of the precise and intense nature of this instrument, which, when understood to this extent, is likely to kick your ass." The keyboard/computer player was mousy and otherwise unremarkable. But the three of them together played a cozy darling of a set consisting of mostly new songs and some older, reworked **Spinanes** songs. Rebecca ended the set with a never-ending medley of songs that were so sharp and so absorbing that they really put the rest of the night's entertainment to shame. The end.

*Randal Mindell*

**MINT RECORDS' 10TH ANNIVERSARY**
**Friday, August 31**
**Commodore Ballroom**

Celebrating the birthday of a record label would appear to be soooo *Hi-Fidelity*, and a dubious promotional tie-in with a scooter festival would normally repel, rather than attract, the average fun seeker. The good news is that the appeal of this sold-out show can be attributed purely to the strength of the acts performing.

You don't need to know about **I Am Spoonbender** except that following them has to be the easiest job in showbiz. It's a leg up that the **Smugglers** do not need but capitalize on magnificently, anyway. Completely unchanged since the day they learned to start and stop at the same time, they combine super tight history of pop with a hi-energy impersonation of themselves. It's fast, it's exhilarating you can get sweaty if you want, and **Cub** hero Lisa Marr drops in for a run through an old hit or two. What more do you want?

**Neko Case** has a groupie problem. Coming from chubby mid-'30s blokes in sensible running shoes, "I want to have your babies" and "Marry me!" displays were both startlingly unoriginal. Her musical talents are not the only assets her fans enjoy. In addition, we're in no doubt who people are here to see, unfairly casting a shadow over the other members of the **New Pornographers**. It's not the only thing Neko has in common with **Stevie Nicks** and **Debbie Harry**.

Coming on like a supercharged *Tusk*-era **Fleetwood Mac**, they have the chords, tunes, and harmonies that gives guitar pop its timeless appeal. The thinning, tired crowd probably did them no favours but few would have been failed to be lifted by the textbook riffology. Most trips home, however, would have been dominated by talk of the **Evaporators**' quality set from three hours earlier. Adapting brilliantly to a large stage (the Pic is really more his style), even **Nardwuar** was upstaged by a guest appearance by **Thor**. The mighty Canadian metal guru, supposedly there to defend the "heavy metal people" from Nardwuar's barbed tongue, ran through a couple numbers with the 'Vaps (revealing them to be 25 times more talented than their own, limiting repertoire allows). After doing his strongman thang with a hot water bottle and a metal bar, he joined Nardwuar for a stellar duet on the Evaporators' anthemic "I Don't Need My Friends To Tell Me Who My Friends Are." As this seemingly slight number is probably the most important song to come out of Vancouver EVER (think about it), it would have closed the show perfectly. As it was, this was the moment that those in attendance took home with them. Simply fab!

*Quentin Wright*

**THE TIGER LILLIES**
**Wednesday, September 5**
**Vancouver East Cultural Centre**

If our world should collapse into some kind of post-apocalyptic scrapyard—say, like the one so hauntingly portrayed in Paul Auster's *The Country Of Last Things*—we'll need some first-aid stations for the psyche. They'd be like little carnivals erupting from the rubble and be staffed by the entertainers who've always had enough hunger and humility to watch and listen before telling their stories. People like—oh, never mind. You know who you are. We all have our lists and **the Lillies** are definitely on mine. Adrian Stout would be waltzing his standup bass through doorways to nowhere. Arian Huge would be making a drumkit out of anything within flailing distance and Martyn Jacques' accordion would look like a child clinging to his chest. He might even be able to dredge up an old piano which he'd play beautifully even if half its keys were missing.

When they took the stage, I fancied that they'd come from just such a place. Sockless, and wearing oddly fitting trousers and rumpled overcoats, they were dressed in what you could call dosser chic. Clocking the savvy, but for the most part, safe-looking crowd, Jacques launched into "Dreadful Domesticity" and a scrofulous little ditty called "I Love You Through The Smell." He strummed a teeny ukulele while regaling us with an outrageous list of his filthy, twisted pastimes in "terrible." His compositions can also tell stories of horrifying sadness, deftly balanced with a humour so black that you choke in disbelief. And a few of the slow ones could be real wrist-slitters if it weren't for the hair-of-the-dog healing power that he brings to them. Take the bleak and beautiful "Alone With The Moon." Lyrically, it's a paeon to hopelessness but musically, it's as sad and sweet as the last dance at a '50s high school prom. And then there's that elderly opera diva voice of his—amusing, touching and consoling us all at once.

Overall, the show felt jollier than the last time. That one left me with a wonderfully aching heart. This time, the lads were altogether more boisterous. The Adrians clowned around like mad and Jacques would lift his squeeze box to naughtily fan out the bellows like a can-can skirt. We were laughing our way to hell while dangling from a giant suspender belt.

The Tiger Lillies make music that's rich, sublime and gypsy-wild. They moon the gods, dare the demons and chase the monsters from our heads, if only for a little while. They sing us awake. It's healthy.

*Penelope Mudligan*

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**THE NEW YORK SKA JAZZ ENSEMBLE**
**TWO AND A HALF WHITE MALES**
**THE MAD BOMBER SOCIETY**
**Friday, September 7**
**Marine Club**

In a building that conjured junior high dance memories, I couldn't stop bopping to the rocksteady beat. Kudos to Ska-T for a show well done. The evening started with Edmonton's **Mad Bomber Society**. They were sharply dressed, I was impressed. They were accomplished and bouncy, and an excellent start. The horn section was swinging, tight and fun. I enjoyed them more than the next band.

Not that **Two and a Half White Males** were horrible. They're great musicians and all, but I found that musically their sound was chaotic and all over the place. They didn't come across. I couldn't dance to it. But that's just me. I was still dazzled by The Mad Bomber Society.

Eventually **The New York Ska Jazz Ensemble** ensembled and blew my mind. The joint was finally hopping and you couldn't help but move. They had it all from the sexy slow sway to the start and stop of the moon stomp. Man those cats could play. The greatest thing? Everybody was there and everybody was having a good time. The jazz purists rocking, the punk kids jumping. The old ladies shaking and the too cool twitching. I can honestly say a fun time was had by all. Maybe next time a better venue will bring them out in droves. I know I'm already there.

*Robin F*

**THE FANTOMAS**
**ATOM SMASHER**
**Monday, September 10**
**Richard's on Richards**

**Mike Patton** has a thick neck. So does **Henry Rollins**. And **Mike Vallely**. They all have thick arms, too, and heavy fists. Patton used his fists to conduct the band and clasp the snake stands while he sang like **Callas**. Rollins and Vallely use their fists to grip pencils and write horrifically bad poetry. Patton writes beautiful lyrics, "MUH-muh-muh-muh-muh-muh-MEEE," being his most poetic line, since stealing lines from **Destiny's Child** doesn't count.

I couldn't sleep after the show. I thought of gongs and afros, and I kept giggling because **The Fantomas** are funnier than **The Frogs**. I tried to think of **Atom Smasher** and his boring laptop, but it didn't work. I rolled around for a bit with my eyes closed, then got up at six and stared at the planes.

*Christa Min*

**BELLE AND SEBASTIAN**
**JONATHAN RICHMAN**
**Thursday September 13**
**The Orpheum**

To me, the concert didn't start with **Jonathan Richman**. It started with the line up outside The Orpheum, which stretched on for three blocks when I arrived at 6:20. Doors at seven, show at eight and people had been waiting to get prime general admission seats since about four or five p.m. I suspected that the people at the very front of the line had been there all afternoon.

Jonathan Richman was a fun opening act. His funny lyrics and goofy stage persona had me amused. He was endearing. The girl behind me was in love by the end of his set, which included Richman punching the air, walking away from the microphone, and removing (not too much) clothing. People cheered and sang along, and more than one person confessed they preferred Richman to **Belle and Sebastian** when the show was over.

After a lengthy intermission, Belle and Sebastian plus a whole ensemble of musicians took the stage. I don't know why, but I didn't expect there to be a string section and an entourage. What was I thinking? If the band was going to be able to replicate their multi-instrument album sound on stage, they were going to need a little help from their friends.

For a moment, things were beautiful. Then a whole lot of losers rushed the stage and people started to stand because they couldn't see. I was highly annoyed because I spend enough time standing at other shows and I'm short and can never see anything. Also, why stand when you can sit? After threatening the lives of several standees, I moved to the balcony and quit my whining.

Aside from wanting to throttle the people behind me who were talking the entire show (why pay almost 40 bucks to be at the show if you're going to talk over Stuart Murdoch's glorious voice), things on the balcony were good. When Murdoch launched into "The State I Am In," I felt tears forming in my beady eyes. Tears! I'm usually a robotic jerk at shows. I had a brief fantasy of following the band from city to city and anticipating Isobel Campbell's shy vocals. This didn't last too long though. Reality kicked in. The band left without doing an encore. Sure, they let people dance on stage with them (we got to witness some dude do perfect splits and some girl's ass), but they didn't even come out and acknowledge the unprecedented display of emotion by the audience. I don't think I've ever seen so many snotty kids on their feet, clapping and cheering. A whole audience of robotic jerks came to life and the members of Belle and Sebastian didn't even come back to wave good-bye. The house lights came on and we realized that there was going to be no more.

Sure, I liked the show. Things were tight and the music was beautiful. But I have to say that I was disappointed. The very greedy person in me wanted more! More! And because I'm not an orphan in a Charles Dickens novel, I expect my selfish wishes to be granted every time.

*Doretta Lau*

**MIKE WATT AND THE JOM AND TERRY SHOW**
**STATION A**
**The Starfish Room**
**September 16, 2001**

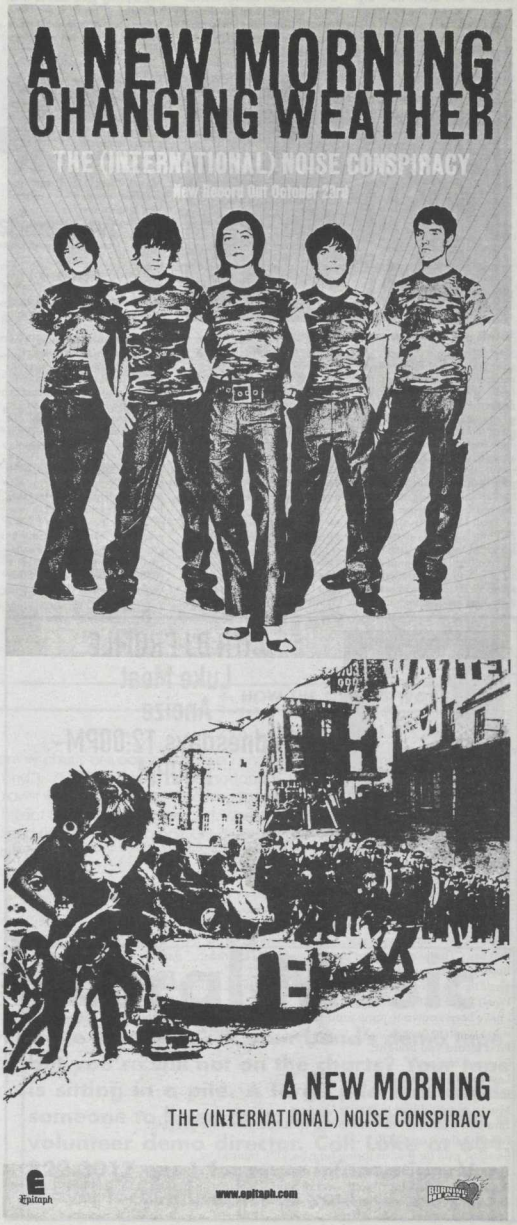
Gawd, for all the tons of times Mr. **Watt** has been in town over the last three years, I guess the last time I saw him live was all the way back when he was playing the second stage at Lollapalooza, at least six or seven summers ago, touring on his solo debut, *Ball-Hog or Tug Boat?*

The short, 40 minute hit of Mike Watt turned me off the performer who was once one of, if not the best bass players going in all of punk rock fiefdom. Problem was the sound was bad, the stage was too small, all the rock festival snots who had recently been switched onto Watt through the **Eddie Vedder**-voiced minor-hit "Against the '70s" and then crowded the front of the stage and talked during his set, leaving us **fIREHOSE** and **Minutemen** fans to grumble amongst one another near the back of the unmoving throng—mainly about the crowd's dichotomy and how Watt pandered to the mass of FM radio bastards in front of the stage.

I finally relented when I found Watt was to play the Starfish shortly after I missed his support role for **J Mascis** back in July. After all, the 'Fish is one of my favourite acoustically-sound rooms in the city—perfect for getting the full THUMP of that infamous chunky bass riffage.

I arrived midway through the set of the opening band which is quickly becoming Vancouver's answer to **Hüsker Dü**—or maybe even an early **Dinosaur Jr.—stationA**. Their distortion-heavy set was the perfect primer to the full-blown bass-blast with which, I increasingly hoped as my anticipation built, Watt would redeem himself in my mind. It didn't hurt that stationA's strong following had already started to fill the dance floor with slightly inebriated head-bobbers to culminate with as full a dance floor as I'd seen in the 'Fish on a Sunday, by the time Watt hit the stage, in as long as I could remember.

The nice thing about Mike Watt is that he doesn't frig around with long soundchecks. A mere 10 minutes after stationA departed the stage, Watt was already well into the first song of his nearly hour-and-a-half set. He didn't contain himself and his trio—rounded out by a pair of former **Pair of Pliers** players (known collectively as the Jom and Terry show when backing Watt) Jerry Trebotic on drums and Tom Watson on guitar and vocals (who would sing **d. boon**'s lead vocals whenever it came time to cover another Minutemen classic)—to just his solo repertoire, either. While he started out with a mix of tunes from *Contemplating the Engine Room*, the first two fIREHOSE records and some Minutemen classics, he carried on to a cover of **Richard Hell**'s "Mine, All Mine" as well as a small handful from that now-infamous star-

studded solo debut like "Big Train," "Chinese Firedrill," and "Tuff Gnarl."

Through the entire set, Watt literally spat out his vocals upon the entirely enthralled front row, sweated up a storm in his long-sleeve red flannel lumberjack

rebecca gates at thestarfish room. by barb yamazaki.

shirt and took short breaks in between songs, not to gulp the two bottles of water that lay neglected by the foot of his dented and scratched-up amp, but to give "much respect" to a seemingly unending list of individuals: stationA, his band, his roadie, the bar, the booker, the people that got him across the border (considering the week that had just unfolded, it seemed no small feat, either) and, time and time again, his supportive fans.

While other old punks are satisfied with supporting themselves in middle-age by selling their once-meaningful anthems to Coca-Cola or car manufacturers, Mike Watt is still reveling in his youth, his love of music and the positive energy that longtime fans have showered upon him to remain as pure in punk spirit and ethic as he has ever been throughout his lengthy performing career.

I can only hope I'm that full of piss, vinegar and raw talent when I approach my 50th year, too.

*Mike Chilton*

**HOT LITTLE ROCKET**
**Monday, September 17**
**The Sugar Refinery**

Strangely, the coffee at the Sugar Refinery was not so good that Monday night. Fortunately, **Hot Little Rocket**'s Vancouver tour stop made things right again. Thanks to the band's bowling shoes, rolled-up jeans, and rib-tight t-shirts, even those unfamiliar with the Calgary four-piece had a pretty good idea of what to expect from them, and nobody was disappointed when they got up and did their post-punk thing.

Hot Little Rocket divided their melodic assault into two reasonably long sets, the first of which was noticeably more energetic. The whole evening was tight, with complex and solid percussion provided by Regina emigré Joel Nye. My cynical escort wondered aloud whether bassist Mark MacArthur and guitarist/vocalist Andrew Wedderburn practice their spectacular rock moves in front of a mirror, but that's really no criticism; who wants to watch a band dozing off on stage, anyway? Meanwhile, guitarist Aaron Smelski's impressive work came with almost no movement to speak of, but his musicianship was above complaints.

The bulk of the songs were from *Danish Documentary*, Hot Little Rocket's recent debut full-length on Endearing Records. With a formula characterized by marked quiet-loud dynamics, the entire band can bring out some abrasion and then put it away at all of the right moments. Principal songwriter Smelski's old band, **Sky Suspended**, were frequently compared to **My Bloody Valentine**, but Hot Little Rocket takes that sound in new directions. Both of the band's guitarists have some background in jazz, making for some creative progressions and a rightfully confident live show that's well worth checking out.

*Michael Schwandt*

**ZEN GUERRILLA**
**JOHN FORD**
**HOTWIRE**
**Tuesday, September, 18**
**Starfish Room**

Sorry to say I wasn't too impressed by the openers, even with the name change I think this was a case of good musicians wasting their obvious talents in a mediocre band. On the contrary, **John Ford** set the mood right with their driving, **Replacements**-meets-**Flamin' Groovies** extendo-jam rock. For

oh, to be fourteen again. fantomas at richard's. photo by jay.

a band that maintains a relatively low profile locally, it was cool to see a band actually make people take notice and give 'em the gears from beginning to end. Keep an eye on these kids.

As for our headliners, was it something in the air, or was their set a jillion times better than their last appearance? San Francisco's purveyors of boogie-woogie got jiggy right 'til the house lights came on, and they surrendered to our girlie screams for more, knocking out "The Seeker" while we knocked out the drummer as he dove headfirst into our flailing arms. Pity this show had to happen on a weeknight, as there should have been way more people there, but I don't think anyone walked out disappointed, and besides, would you want to argue with a six-foot plus giant who says we have the best rock and roll scene in Canada? Okay, now that I think about it, that's certainly debatable, but I still don't want to meet him a dark alley, all right? 'Nuff said.

*Bryce Dunn*

**QUASI**
**THE MAGIC MAGICIANS**
**Thursday, September 20**
**Richard's on Richards**

Sometimes I feel like no one listens to me. How can I tell a city that a long divorced drummer and singer still got it? I've finally realized that all you need in this crazy world is a Roxichord, a drum set, and a busty sweater clad girl in the front dancing up a storm.

But who saw it? Only me and circus folk. **Belle and Sebastian** can almost fill the Orpheum but **Quasi** can't fill the Richard's on Richards dance floor. Fortunately, Sam and Janet did the obvious thing; they took the crowd on a journey to a place where it rains all the time and everyone has no shoes and holes in their socks.

The guitar and drums duo **The Magic Magicians** were tight, driving but not very memorable... yet. When Quasi came on I ditched the friend I was with, came to the front and, oh, what's the term... oh, yes, rocked out. How can Janet Weiss drum and dance at the same time? Why are there so many duos? Why are pale ales so darn tasty?

I loved three things about the concert. One, the fact that Quasi songs are addictive. Two, Janet can drum like a muthafucka. Lastly, going to this concert was like going to my first school dance, except the crowd was like the girls and the band was like the boys. They were so far away from each other at the beginning but as the show developed, they slowly creeped closer and started half-dancing, eventually getting some enjoyment out of it. Fun had by all? Yeppers.

*Chris-A-Riffic*

## CiTR DJ PROFILE
## Luke Meat
## Anoize
## Wednesdays 12:00PM–1:00PM

**Record played most often on your show:**
Lou Reed, *Metal Machine Music*, Keiji Haino, *The Book of 'Eternity Set Aflame* and Borbetomagus, *Buncha Hair That Long*
**Record you would save in a fire:**
(tie) My *El Topo* Soundtrack on Apple Records or *The Industrial Records Story* compilation. Both are pretty valuable (but only to me I think…).
**Record that should burn in hell:**
I don't know the actual name… the one with those pre-teen "Destiny's Child" look-alikes that say, "That was last year boy, in the EIGHTH grade…" Barfalicous.
**Book that you would save in a fire:**
*Yertle the Turtle* by Dr. Seuss (possibly the best book about turtle-stacking).
**Worst band that you like:**
I have been known to jump around to Korn's first album when my white, suburban angst is too much to bear.
**First record you bought:**
Queen, *The Game*.
**Last record you bought:**
*Having Fun With Elvis Onstage*.
**Musician you'd like to marry:**
Tara Jane O'Neil for the mumbling; Lydia Lunch for the pegging.
**Favorite show on CiTR:**
*Breakfast with the Browns* (bring June back!!!), *Hans Kloss*.
**Strangest phone call ever received on-air:**
A guy who asked me "What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?" I said, "What?" and he replied, "A noisy noise annoys an oyster!" and then hung up. •

# NORDIC TRAX FALL 2001 RELEASES IN STORES NOW

**NORDIC TRAX NT022CD / 2LP**
**GAVIN FROOME**
**'POST + BEAM'**

The follow up to the acclaimed *Mobile Villager*, which *Muzik* deemed 'one of the finest house albums of 1999.'

RELEASE PARTY SAT. NOV. 10 2001 AT DEEPEN (LOTUS SOUND LOUNGE)

**NORDIC TRAX NT018CD**
**VARIOUS ARTISTS / MIXED BY LUKE MCKEEHAN**
**'LAZY TRANSMISSIONS'**

"This is so up my alley I may move in. One of my albums of the year." 5/5
*DJ MAGAZINE UK September 01, Issue #98*

**ALSO AVAILABLE FROM NORDIC TRAX:**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| NT014 CD / 2LP | NECESSARY PIECES 2 | VARIOUS ARTISTS |
| NT010 CD / 2LP | MOBILE VILLAGER | GAVIN FROOME |
| NT007 CD | NECESSARY PIECES | VARIOUS ARTISTS |

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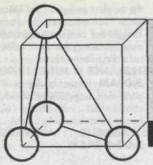
FAX 604 688 2552 WWW.NORDICTRAX.COM CD DISTRIBUTION FUSION III / VINYL PRIME UK



# charts

what's being played at citr

## October Long Vinyl

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | team mint vol. 2 | v/a | mint |
| 2 | bombay 2: electric... | v/a | motel |
| 3 | roots manuva | run come save me | big dada |
| 4 | llorca | new comer | f comunications |
| 5 | zen guerrilla | shadows on the sun | sub pop |
| 6 | new town animals | is your radio active | mint |
| 7 | quasi | sword of god | touch and go |
| 8 | stereolab | sound-dust | electra |
| 9 | beans | crane wars | zum |
| 10 | spiritualized | let it come down | astralwerks |
| 11 | buttless chaps | death scenes I II III | independent |
| 12 | dirtmitts | the dirtmitts | sonic unyon |
| 13 | dub pistols | six million ways to live | a&m |
| 14 | coal | beautiful afterburn | independent |
| 15 | freeworm | vegetation=fuel | outside |
| 16 | spookey ruben | bed | hi-hat |
| 17 | solex | low kick and hard bop | matador |
| 18 | almost transparent blue | s/t | independent |
| 19 | ivy | long distance | nettwerk |
| 20 | guess who | shakin' all over | sundazed |
| 21 | real mackenzies | loch'd and loaded | honest don's |
| 22 | jamiroquai | 2001: a funk odessey | epic |
| 23 | duotang | the bright side | mint |
| 24 | jerk with a bomb | the old noise | scratch |
| 25 | motorama | rocket powder | independent |
| 26 | twilight circus dub... | volcanic dub | m |
| 27 | dj serious | dim sum | sound king |
| 28 | built to spill | ancient melodies... | warner |
| 29 | fugu | fugu 1 | minty fresh |
| 30 | superchunk | here's to shutting up | merge |
| 31 | the strokes | is this it | rca |
| 32 | basement jaxx | rooty | xl |
| 33 | fantomas | the director's cut | ipecac |
| 34 | stationA | the wasp factory | flyer |
| 35 | the rondelles | shined nickels... | k |

## October Short Vinyl

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | the evaporators | honk the horn | nardwuar |
| 2 | red hot lovers | s/t | redline |
| 3 | the pattern | feverish | gsl |
| 4 | new town animals | lose that girl | mint |
| 5 | removal/joey shithead | 3 of 10 | removalmusic |
| 6 | the exploders | what's what and... | teenage usa |
| 7 | the vultures | alcoholic lady | dirtnap |
| 8 | tijuana bibles | mexican courage | trophy |
| 9 | planet smashers | infalet to 45rpm | jump start |
| 10 | hot dog city | citiwoman | proshop |
| 11 | the pinkos | to my valentine | empty |
| 12 | andy votel | girl on a go-ped | twisted nerve |
| 13 | five eight/clemente | the kids wanna rock... | moodswing |
| 14 | step sister | shoeshine | red hour |
| 15 | electro group | line of sight | omni |
| 16 | lost sounds | 1+1=nothing | empty |
| 17 | les sexareenos | ruby d | telstar |
| 18 | sunset valley | parade on my rain | sea level |
| 19 | hacksaw | she's got my back | independent |
| 20 | enon | listen (while you talk) | self starter found... |

## October Indie Home Jobs

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | three inches of blood | conquerors... |
| 2 | six block radius | kill to hide |
| 3 | the lollies | be my bad boyfriend |
| 4 | joel | heart x 50' woman |
| 5 | vancouver's shame | what's for dinner |
| 6 | red hot lovers | fuck or fight |
| 7 | solasis | digiworld |
| 8 | i just wanna beer | victorian pork |
| 9 | a girl named sue | odd |
| 10 | xeroxed brother | fragmented |
| 11 | amarillo stars | s/t |
| 12 | garnet sweatshirt | american woman |
| 13 | the metrics | sand crawler |
| 14 | closer than kin | stand up |
| 15 | coupon | 2001 |
| 16 | girl nobody | alone |
| 17 | pet fairies | boner for betty |
| 18 | mc potbelly | horizontal |
| 19 | hummer | latest thing |
| 20 | the switch | las vegas laser child |

### HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/ CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "October" charts reflect airplay over September). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts" •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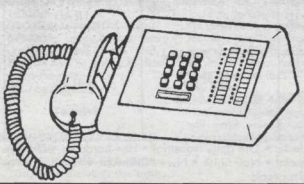



# Local Music

**Have you sent CiTR your band's demo tape, but you're still not on the charts? Your tape is sitting in a pile. A large pile that needs someone to listen to it. CiTR is looking for a volunteer demo director. Call Luke at 604. 822.3017 ex. 1 for more information. Vancouver local music needs you!**

# on the dial

### SUNDAY

**ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM** All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

**THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM** Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

**BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM** Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

**CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM** British pop music from all decades.

**SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM** International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

**QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM** Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

**RHYTHM INDIA 8:00-10:00PM** Rhythm India features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

**THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM** Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

**TRANCENDANCE12:00-2:00AM** Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <trancendance@hotmail.com>

**FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM**

### MONDAY

**SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM** Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa!" (Temporarily moved to Tues. 8-9PM.)

**BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM** Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.

**FILL-IN alt. 11:00-1:00PM**

**GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM**

**PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM** Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

**STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM** DJ Hancunt wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

**EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM** Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

**WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM** Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds and some other goofiness, giveaways, and gab.

**FILL-IN alt. 6:00-7:30PM**

**REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM** Movie reviews and criticism.

**CONTEMPORARY alt. 6:30-7:30PM** Words and music for jackasses.

**WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM** Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb sux, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Vyb and Krystabelle.

**THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM** Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

**Oct. 1**: From Chicago (via Memphis) the MJT Plus Three, a wonderful and still fresh sounding group from the early '60s in a newly discovered and previously unreleased disc featuring alto saxophonist extraordinaire Frank Strozier.

**Oct. 8**: We celebrate the birthday of one of the great masters of the baritone saxophone, the late Pepper Adams, in a rare early disc called *Critic's Choice*.

**Oct. 15**: Bassist/pianist/composer Charles Mingus with a large ensemble in one of his own favourite recordings, *Let My Children Hear Music*.

**Oct. 22**: In honour of his concert here in Vancouver (Oct. 30), Keith Jarrett (piano), Gary Peacock (bass) and Jack Dejohnette (drums) are presented in selections from Jarrett's latest *Whisper Not*.

**Oct. 29**: "Zoot Sims" was one of the hardest swingin', yet lyrical tenor saxophonists in jazz. Tonight we celebrate his birthday by airing his no. 1 Sims recording *Down Home*.

**VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM** Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

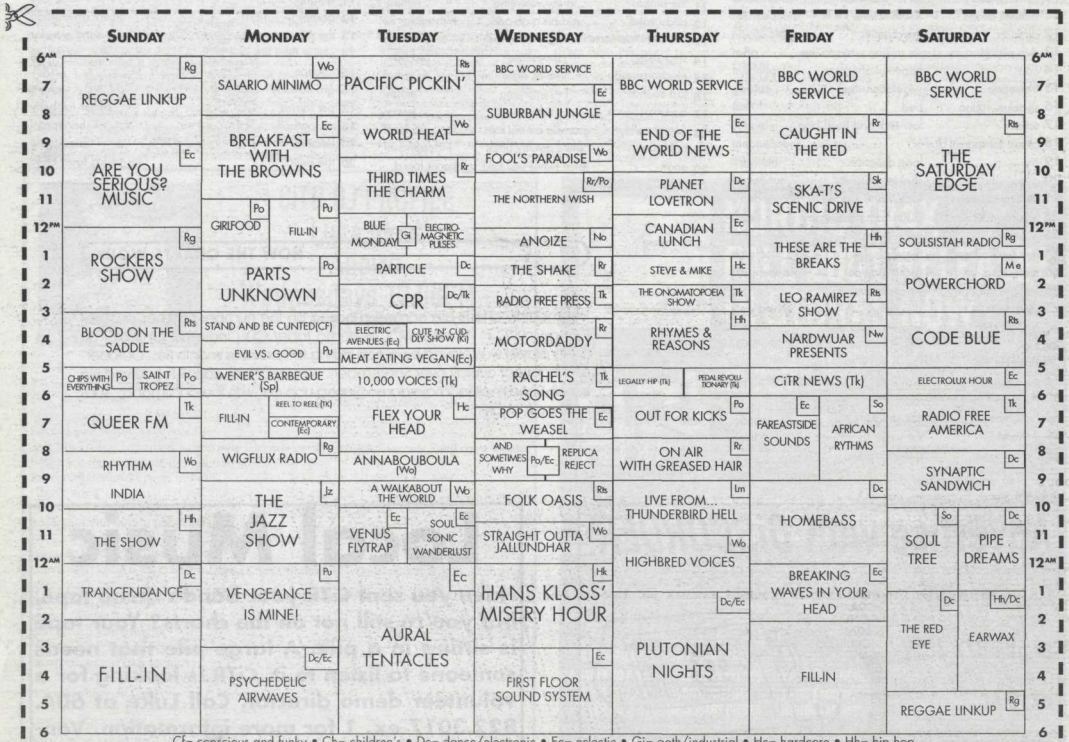
**PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM**

### TUESDAY

**PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM** Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

**WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM** An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. An eccentric and eclectic journey for open minds and the good of all. Not to be missed. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

**THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM** Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier




Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots

than the most dangerous criminal! <3rdxcharm@home.com>

**BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM** Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen. (She's back!)

**ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM** (DJ Psianic back in action!)

**PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM** Incorporated into the soul are the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles through states of Becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydra-head, rhizomatic sky. www.shrumtribe.com

**CPR 2:00-3:30PM** buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump.

**THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 3:30-4:30PM** Christina returns with a show for the little listeners out there—kid's songs, stories, special guests and more.

**ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM** Last Tuesday of every month.

**THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM**

**10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM** Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

**FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM** Punk>Hardcore>Metal>Bandana-thrash>Fastcore>Straightedge as fuck. Since 1989, yo. http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com/

**ANNABOUBOULA 8:00-9:00PM** Greek radio. (On hiatus 'til further notice.)

**A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM**

**VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM** <loveden@hotmail.com>

**SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.10:00PM-12:00AM** Phat platter, slim chatter.

**AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM** Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

### WEDNESDAY

**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM**

**THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM** Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

**FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM** Japanese music and talk.

**THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM** Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

**ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM** Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

**THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM** Please, no massé.

**RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM** Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

**MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM** "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

**RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM** Socio-political, environmentally activist news and spoken word with some music too. <rachelssong@lycos.com>

**POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM**

**AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM** sleater-kinney, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-o-writ things. (First Wednesday of every month.)

**REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM** Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

**FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM** Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage! <folkoasis@canada.com>

**STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM** Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phatay."

**HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM** Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

**FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM**

### THURSDAY

**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM**

**END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM**

**PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM** Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanship.

**CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM** From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

**STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM** Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

**THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM** Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

**RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM** Back in full effect, Jan-9 and DJ Hedspin.

**LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM**

**PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM** Viva la Velorution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! http://www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

**OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM** No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

**ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM** The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. <ripitup55@aol.com>

**LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM** Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

**HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM**

**PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM** Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitchc with guest DJs and performers. http://plutonia.org

### FRIDAYS

**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM**

**CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM** Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

**SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM** Email requests to <djska_t@hotmail.com>.

**THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM** Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack, DJ Splice, and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks. Fresh tracks, funky beats.

**THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM**

**NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM** Please keep on rawkin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Nardwuar and Cleopatra Von Fluffleistein.

**CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM**

**FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM**

**AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM** David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

**HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM** Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

**BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM**

### SATURDAY

**FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM**

**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM**

**THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM** Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

**8-9AM**: African/World roots.
**9AM-12PM**: Celtic music and performances.

**SOULSISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM**

**POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM** Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

**CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM** From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues rock with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

**ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM**

**RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM** Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KPJC (Los Angeles, CA).

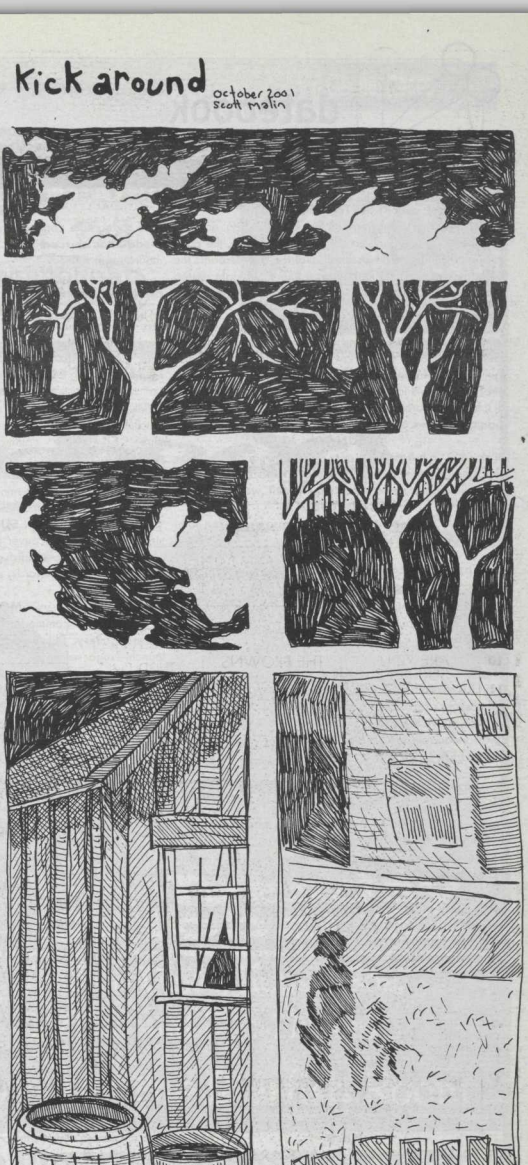
**SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM** From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree. (Welcome back Michael!)

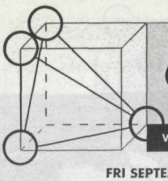
**PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM**

**THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM**

**EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM** "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.—Guy Smiley

**REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM** Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.





# datebook

what's happening in october

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE,
THE DEADLINE IS OCTOBER 30.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

**FRI SEPTEMBER 28**

jt king@the silvertone tavern; mother of pearl@van. east cultural centre; big sugar@the commodore; breakin' the bank (mobglob fundraiser)@wise hall; mat the alien@sonar; the birthday machine, xiu xiu@sugar refinery; wi kight, stefan smulovitz, nic bragg, vera gamboa, object, 3epkaao, dj aural, loscil@video in; victorian pork@railway

**SAT 29**

witness protection program, trail vs. russia, the metic, the idiom@the cobalt; kim barlow, undertakin' daddies@capilano college; uzume taiko ensemble@norman rothstein theatre; ms. honey dijon@sonar; the radio, fastidious blind man; dj tobias and construct, artificial intelligence, jovian francey, cid and eric, kim cascone, jetone@video in

**SUN 30**

buck 65, q-burns abstract message@sonar; buttless chaps@sugar refinery; true originals@the backstage lounge (granville island); stevie vallence quintet@st. wesley's church

**MON OCTOBER 1**

sigur ros@st. andrews wesley church; masa anzai, ron samworth, dylan vanderschyff@sugar refinery

**TUES 2**

**CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! DISCO INCOGNITO, OASIS, MR PLOW@THE RAILWAY CLUB**; *sense field*, honeysuckle serontina@starfish room; parallela jazz with masa anzai@sugar refinery

**WED 3**

moe@the commodore; uncle bomb@sugar refinery

**THUR 4**

1NS1P1D@silvertone tavern; southern culture on the skids, slim cesssna's auto club@wett bar; hawksley workman and the wolves@richard's on richards; flamenco de la maison@norman rothstein theatre (oct 4-7); booti dharma, lo-fi love@starfish room

**FRI 5**

nils petter molvaer@sonar; apples in stereo@richard's on richards, the sound of things to come@w.i.s.e hall; vetta chamber music@w. point grey united church; nevermore@columbia hotel; bif naked, live on release, static in stereo@the commodore; millennium project@sugar refinery; iva bittora@the cultch

**SAT 6**

*turf* birthday party, the battles, the birthday machine, the ewoks@ms. t's; basement jaxx, ugly duckling@the commodore; shikasta, the farrell brothers@the pic pub; coal, sinforosa@sugar refinery; explosive rage disorder, meat locker 7, nevermore@red lion (victoria); coal, sinforosa@sugar refinery

**SUN 7**

the pink show@the cavern (&11th-15th); diana krall@the orpheum; ubc opera ensemble@chan centre; the real mckenzies@the boot (whistler); mixmaster mike, swollen members@the commodore; hayden@railway club

**MON 8**

el vez@richard's on richards; the faint, radio berlin, now it's overhead@starfish room; contrail@sugar refinery

**TUE 9**

**CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! SIX BLOCK RADIUS, FLIPSWITH, TOMAS@THE RAILWAY CLUB**; soul manifesto featuring rodney jones@richard's on richards; beaux arts trio w/menahem pressler@vancouver playhouse; ben folds, citizen cope@the commodore; parallela jazz with masa anzai@sugar refinery

**WED 10**

blue rodeo@the commodore; alien ant farm, pressure4-5, dredg@starfish room; sista monica@yale hotel; dave seymour@sugar refinery

**THUR 11**

bs2000@starfish room; eye of newt collective@sugar refinery

**FRI 12**

les projectionnistes plus two@western front; eugene skovoronikov & the west coast symphony@christ church cathedral; the arsonists@sonar; jonathon inc., flophouse jr.@sugar refinery

**SAT 13**

shankar, zakir Hussain, vikku vinayakram, gingger@the vogue; marduk, kataklysm, amon amarth, diabolic@studebakers night club; 54-40@the commodore; the strokes, moldy peaches@richard's on richards; soul thanksgiving 2001@first baptist church; felchers, trash train@the pic pub; san pedro circus &magic cordoba@the mint (seattle); kelly churko *symphony for a marred man in japan*@sugar refinery

**SUN 14**

steven osborne@vancouver playhouse; all state champion, glasshead, complete@starfish room; the supersuckers, flash bastard@richard's on richards; paddy keenan@rogue folk club

**MON 15**

st. germain@the commodore; post no bills gig poster exhibit@tart gallery ('til nov. 6); *namely vancouver* (book launch)@sugar refinery

**TUE 16**

**CiTR PRESENTS SHINGDIG! MOTORCYLCE MAN, THE PEOPLE VS FUNK, VUGGY@THE RAILWAY CLUB**; jon spencer blues explosion@richard's on richards; parallela jazz with masa anzai@sugar refinery

**WED 17**

afro celt sound system@the commodore; jimmy rankin, maren ord@vogue theatre; cameron dulworth@sugar refinery

**THUR 18**

girl nobody, hinterland, spygirl@purple onion; dave say & kevin elaschuk quintet; dj assault, dana d, kevin price@sonar; kenny glasgow@richard's on richards; fond of tigers@sugar refinery

**FRI 19**

d.o.a.@heritage hall; jesse cook, natalie macmaster@the orpheum; jp carter@sugar refinery

**SAT 20**

bif naked@the vogue; the last of the v8's@the pic pub; fire...where there is smoke@scotia dance centre (until nov. 10); old reliable@sugar refinery

**SUN 21**

femi kuti & the positive force@the commodore; chris friesen@sugar refinery

**MON 22**

laundry@the laundromat

**TUE 23**

**CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! ETHER'S VOID, MERMAID ENGINE, BESTEST@THE RAILWAY CLUB**; oysterhead, the *north mississippi allstars@the orpheum; readings with* trish kelly (7pm-10)@sugar refinery

**WED 24**

the suicide machines, ensign@starfish room

**THU 25**

1NS1P1D@ms. t's; steroelad, fugu@the commodore; pheonx wisebone@music & more on main; starfly, davey's locker, stam pede queen@starfish room; vue, hot hot heat, notes from underground@the pic pub; trish kelly readings, parallela jazz with masa anzai, smoke rings@sugar refinery

**FRI 26**

power clown, nunstalker@the cambie in nanaimo; preston school of industry featuring spiral stairs, the shins@graceland (seattle); jp carter@sugar refiner

**SAT 27**

orchid ensemble@capilano college; myra melford trio@norman rothstein theatre; power clown, nunstalker@the cambie in victoria; mixmaster mike@bc place stadium; rheostatics@the commodore; vague demons@sugar refinery

**SUN 28**

hamid drake, william parker, fred anderson@norman rothstein theatre; kronos quartet@chan centre; pernice brothers@starfish room

**MON 29**

trish kelly, 10 alun piggins@sugar refinery

**TUE 30**

**CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! RHYTHM STONE, MY BUDDY DAVE, SLIT@THE RAILWAY CLUB**; keith jarrett, gary peacock, jack dejohnette@the orpheum

**WED 31**

frankenbooty@honey lounge; conan's hellfire chariot ride to victory halloween gala, and you shall know us by the trail of dead@starfish room; voodoo halloween boat party@the m.v.abitibi

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### REFRAINS

A BUNCH OF NERDS ARE GATHERING ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, AT GREEN COLLEGE TO PRESENT PAPERS ON NERDY MUSICAL TOPICS. CHARLES MUDEDE (*THE STRANGER*) IS A NERD, MICHAEL JARRET (PENN) IS A NERD. STEVEN SHAVIRO (UW) IS A NERD. BRADY CRANFIELD (SFU) IS A NERD, JANNE VANHANEN (HELSINKI) IS A NERD. THEY'LL ALL BE THERE. IT IS FREE TO BE A NERD. LISTEN AND LEARN.

### SHINDIG!

CITR'S ANNUAL BATTLE OF THE BANDS HAPPENS EVERY TUESDAY AT THE RAILWAY CLUB. GO AND HECKLE AND TELL JOKES FOR BEER, OR GO TO SEE SOME OF VANCOUVER'S NEWEST AND OLDEST BANDS.

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Oct. 3rd

Commodore Ballroom

STEWART COPELAND TREY ANASTASIO LES CLAYPOOL

# Oysterhead

With Special Guests
The North Mississippi Allstars

**Orpheum Theatre**

**Tuesday October 23**

The Disco Biscuits

"Folding Disco, House, Goa, Techno and Dub Flavors"

Nov. 1st The Starfish Room

Next... **Garaj Mahal....** And... **The Upstream Christmas Bash**

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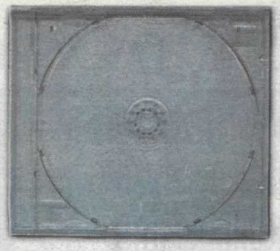
# The Outside Is In

october new sounds at zulu



## track listing:

1. Smog
2. Lambchop
3. Vincent Gallo
4. Moldy Peaches
5. Four Tet
6. Fridge
7. Bill laswell
8. Money Mark
9. Ralph Stanley
10. Radio Berlin

## RADIO BERLIN
## The Selection Drone CD/LP

Imagine this impossible experiment. Gather all of your favorite **Cure, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Joy Division, Echo and the Bunnymen, Wire, Gang of Four,** and, uh, **Fugazi** records, and play them all at once. The result would probably be a horrible clashing mess. Thankfully, however, **RADIO BERLIN** has already done this gathering and playing process for us, generating a remarkable synthesis that slips through time. This second full-length is like **RADIO BERLIN**'s already great debut, **SIBLING**, only better in all ways: louder, harder, surer, more dynamic, darker, sexier – everything. They're Vancouver's premier post-hardcore '80s revisionary revivalists, indeed.

**CD 10.98 LP 10.98**

## SMOG
## Rain On Lens
## CD/LP

**SMOG**'s **Bill Callaghan** is like a sadistic documentary filmmaker cursed to create the same movie about the same doomed love affair again and again and again... This time around, though, his unflinching stare into the broken heart of mundanely failed romance is interrupted. There's rain on the lens and, with his view obscured, the director is forced to take a step back and survey the scene without the mediating barrier that his camera provides. The results suggest that a few cracks are appearing in the frozen sea within him. Still, this is another chilling **SMOG** production.

**CD/LP 19.98**

## LAMBCHOP
## Tools In The Dryer
## CD

Slang for odds and ends scattered around the house, the phrase '**TOOLS IN THE DRYER**' is here evoked by **LAMBCHOP**'s **Kurt Wagner** as he clears out some audio gems from his home recordings cupboard. Spanning **LAMBCHOP**'s nine-year career, these 16 tracks capture B-sides, alternate-takes, live materials and the odd remix – not bad for a band that started 'making noise in their bedroom'. Enjoy!

**CD 19.98**

## VINCENT GALLO
## When CD

After demonstrating his considerable musical talents on the score for his film **Buffalo 66**, **VINCENT GALLO** received numerous invitations to compose discs for the world's elite record companies. Assiduous research revealed that this Renaissance man was not new to the game of music composition, and had in fact previously worked with **Jean Michel Basquiat** and **John Lurie** in an experimental combo, **Grey**. The stakes were raised. **GALLO**'s name on a contract seemed a sexy sure bet. AVAILABLE OCTOBER 9.

**CD 19.98**

## MOLDY PEACHES
## Moldy Peaches
## CD

A potty-mouth **Beat Happening**? A one-record Shimmy Disc Revival? But such retro-underground referencing won't help us bite to the hard center of the **MOLDY PEACHES** enigma, because this NYC duo is creating a serious stink in the over-ground right now. For once, the hype is justified. **MOLDY PEACHES**' mixture of lo-fi aesthetics, puerile humour and excellent songwriting is seriously charming. Fans of early **Ween** take note.

**CD 16.98**

## FOUR TET
## Pause CD

**Kieran Hebden** is a key member of **FRIDGE**, a British post-rock three-piece with genuine talent. As **FOUR TET**, **Hebden** spends time alone at home with his PC, thoughtfully cutting and combining sounds, producing tracks for the transnational urban electronic cognoscente. But, with a style that is at times reminiscent of **DJ Shadow** and **Beck**, this record will undoubtedly end up in homes everywhere, following a trajectory enjoyed by other recent laidback discoveries, like **Prefuse 73** or **Kruder And Dorfmeister**, for example. Memorize this name now: **FOUR TET**. AVAILABLE EARLY OCTOBER.

**CD 19.98**

## FRIDGE
## Happiness CD

Guess what! Post-rock is a uniquely British phenomenon that was seized by American bands in the late '90s. It's odd to see UK acts copping inspiration from the diluted US take on this most derided of musical sub-categories. Odd, and in the case of the instrumental trio in question, very entertaining – like a reflection that's sharper than the fuzzy object it echoes. Those of you who've heard **FRIDGE** offshoots like **Rothko** and **FOUR TET** will already know what we mean. Those of you who don't are in for a treat.

**CD 16.98**

## BILL LASWELL
## Filmtracks 2000
## CD

A collection of evocative soundtrack music, that also serves as a great introduction to the musical breadth of this prolific artist. An eclectic mix of drum'n'bass, rock, jazz, dub, and funk takes a detour through India, the Middle East, Africa and Asia, ending up somewhere in big city America. Featuring such great musicians as **Ginger Baker, Nicky Skopelitis, Bernie Worrell** and **Jah Wobble**. Soothing stuff for troubled times.

**CD 19.98**

## MONEY MARK
## Change Is Coming CD/LP

**MARK** returns to his old ways! Back to the Keyboard Repair Shop where his antenna has collected a steady stream of new ideas for pretty funky keyboard jams. Hammonds, Acetones, Vox, Rhodes, and Moogs...you name it – **MARK**'s got 'em. You may remember **MARK**'s wild style on the **Beastie Boys' In Sound From Way Out** or **Check Your Head** – the vibe here is similar. Pure and simple, these gritty instrumentals have been informed by 50 years of roasting soul-jazz scores. Highly cinematic in nature, **Change Is Coming** is easy listening for modern method actors!

**16.98 CD 14.98 LP**

## RALPH STANELY
## Clinch Mountain Sweethearts CD

Fresh from his successful appearance on the **O Brother, Where Art Thou?** soundtrack and his own best-selling compilation **Man Of Constant Sorrow**, this collaboration pairs the old master with 15 of the top women performers from country and pop, including **Dolly Parton, Joan Baez, Gillian Welch, Iris DeMent, Pam Tillis, Sara Evans,** and **Lucinda Williams**. Enjoy the romance! AVAILABLE EARLY OCTOBER.

**CD 16.98**

# OTHER STUFF THAT THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE:

**THUNDERBALL SCORPIO RISING** CD Sanctioned by the Thievery Corporation, this is James Bond lounge!

**SOLEX LOW KICK AND HARD BOP** CD Stolen sounds, scratched CDs and phone conversations inform Matador's Dutch sound collagist's latest.

**SECRET CHIEFS BOOK M** CD Two words: Mr. Bungle

**KINGSBURY MANX LET YOU DOWN** CD Fragile pop melodies lap the shores of Great Lake Neil Young.

**CLINIC INTERNAL WRANGLER** CD Inspired by Can and Joe Meek, Coltrane and Suicide...check into the Clinic!

**HANDSOME FAMILY TWILIGHT** CD Underdog folk-country par excellence!

**DYMAXION X4 +3 = 38:33** CD This is Stereolab's favorite band. Akin to a spacerock version of The Fall!

**THE DREAM SYNDICATE THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES** CD Released with of bonus material – this still is one of the finer post-punk albums out there.

**LOVE AS LAUGHTER SEA TO SHINING SEA** CD Ex-K Records favorites, LAL offer some hit it or quit it no-wave punk.

**MURDER CITY DEVILS THELEMA** CDEP/10" Get your dancing shoes on!

**ZEN GUERILLA SHADOWS ON THE SUN** CD/LP Sub Pop's legends return with an ultra-heavy onslaught.

**BEULAH THE COAST IS NEVER CLEAR** CD These darlings of hush pop return with their much-anticipated new full length!

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